The Nation.

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The Week.

With incomplete returns, the general result of Tuesday's elections yet appears unquestioned. The Republicans hold the House, though by a greatly reduced and narrow majority. The Democrats fought in some States with unexpected spirit and success; they lost heavily in others through unexampled folly of leadership. Col. Gaston in Massachusetts cut deeply into the Republican majority, and made a run which recalls the days of the lamented William E. Russell. In Ohio a veritable cyclone has blown over the circus tent of the grotesque Tom Johnson. Bryan's ostentatious endorsement of him was the one thing needed to complete his ruin. And, finally, the sarcophagus of free silver was freshly weighted with lead in Colorado, that State having apparently gone Republican and retired Teller, Bryanite Congressmen, and all their works. We consider the net result, which is of the nature of a check and warning to the Republicans, wholesome. It shows that the Spanish war is over. No more sweeping victories are to be won by attainting the Opposition party of high treason. Nor will unthinking cries about our "unparalleled prosperity" longer suffice. If a "calamity howler" is a nuisance, a "prosperity yawper" is an affliction. His day is passing. The party has had notice that, in order to retain the confidence of the country, it must address itself to the questions of social injustice and class favoritism which are pressing for solution.

In this State, those who believed that Coler had more than a fighting chance of election, even as Hill's dummy, have been justified. Governor Odell is re-elected by a much reduced and feeble plurality. Mayor Low, on his part, will find food for reflection in the enormous Tammany vote, which indicates a widespread dissatisfaction with his nine-months' Administration. Truly gratifying is the defeat of Judge Werner for the Court of Appeals, and of Attorney-General Davies, President Roosevelt's unworthy candidate for the Supreme Court in the Fifth Judicial District. The significance of the vote should not fail to penetrate the skin of Judge Werner, and make him consider seriously the advisability of again becoming an instrument to wreak the narrow and contemptible revenge of one boss upon another. As for Platt, no happening of recent years has been such a direct slap in his face.

Among the many examples of non-partisan voting which the elections afforded, none was more inspiriting than the defeat of Major Carl Lentz, the Republican candidate for Sheriff of Essex County, New Jersey. All of his colleagues on the Republican County ticket won by majorities in the thousands, so that the discrimination against him was as marked as that against Judge Werner in this city. This rebuke was the more signal because every effort had been made to bolster up Major Lentz's candidacy. Everybody knew, from his standing apology during the campaign, that he presented as arguments for his election, besides his services in building up the county machine, chiefly his personal poverty and his wounds during the civil war, while he glozed over the most notable feature of his public record, namely, the court judgment pronounced upon him for the appropriation of trust funds; and yet the Governor of the State, the Attorney-General, the United States Senator, and other prominent Republicans accepted the unfit candidate, personally interested themselves in his canvass, and sympathized with him in his defeat. The voters, however, by their exemplary repudiation of the sophism that by receiving a party nomination a man too bad to be nominated becomes fit to be voted for, have done much to elevate the public tone of the State.

President Roosevelt's ante-election expression of "keen interest" in Republican success was, of course, only the perfunctory official announcement always expected from the titular head of the party. His friends could wish, for his own sake, that he had not made special mention of the contest for the Governorship in Pennsylvania as one of the struggles in which he hoped the Republicans would win. This was to express the hope that a corrupt and debasing tyranny against which the best citizens of Pennsylvania are fighting, might be fastened upon them for two years more. The diminished vote for Judge Pennypacker, the open lauder of Quay, is a rebuke to the President for playing the party game no matter into what company it leads, or how much it may confound moral distinctions.

Secretary Moody made a speech at Chelsea, Massachusetts, on Thursday evening, on the tariff question. He held the Democrats up to scorn for their opposition to reciprocity, which he said was a Republican doctrine. In the same speech, he referred to reciprocity with Canada, which, he said, found many advocates in Massachusetts, though none made a definite proposition for reciprocity with the Dominion "which an American who believed in protection could accept." A treaty of that kind he would ardently support, but he did not say what kind of treaty a believer in protection could accept. Apparently, it would be a treaty which nobody objected to, as, for example, admitting from Canada all articles now on the free list in exchange for a similar concession on the part of Canada. But it would never do to admit barley, or wool, or iron ore, or coal, or lumber, or wood pulp, from that country, because some Americans who believe in protection could not stand that. Similarly, Canadians who believe in protection could not accept a treaty which admitted boots and shoes, hardware, cotton and woollen cloth, and many other products of Massachusetts. Mr. Moody's objection to reciprocity with Canada is the same as Mr. Lodge's objection to reciprocity with France. The treaty is inadmissible because it offends some particular producer of something. In short, "reciprocity is essentially a Republican doctrine," as Mr. Moody says, but there is no place for it to begin.

In his speech at Dorchester, on Monday week, Senator Hoar made use of an expression which betrays a very imperfect conception of the financial disasters of 1893-6, which he helped to precipitate. The "hard times which President Cleveland brought on," in the Senator's phrase, are those which became acute very soon after his second inauguration as President. That event took place on March 4, 1893. When he entered office, he found less than one million dollars of "free gold" in the Treasury. By free gold is meant gold over and above the $100,000,000 at that time "reserved for the redemption of United States notes." He found the Government facing a deficit. The revenue had been cut down some $60,000,000 by the McKinley tariff, and we were spending $50,000,000 per year for silver bullion under the Sherman act—both of which were Republican measures, and passed by Republican votes. The panic began in June, 1893. It was the natural consequence of the Sherman act, and of the silver legislation that preceded it. President Cleveland's first step was to call an extra session of Congress to repeal the Sherman law. Was it in that way that Mr. Cleveland brought on the hard times? Is it Senator Hoar's opinion that the panic of 1893 was brought on by the man who caused the Sherman act to be repealed? Did Mr. Cleveland cause the Sherman act to be passed in 1890, or was Mr. Hoar himself, in conjunction with Senator Sherman and William McKinley, responsible for that disastrous measure?

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The *Commercial West* of Minneapolis thinks that Secretary Shaw's speaking tour has been open to criticism, not because he has been seen repeatedly on the stump, but because the things he has said there have not been directed to the right end. "Instead of urging financial reform through legislation," it says, "he has pursued policies as Secretary which will probably tend to delay reform, for he has boldly demonstrated that awkward laws can be circumvented, or even almost directly disobeyed; and when this can be done, why bother to change them?" The Minneapolis paper refers, no doubt, to the Secretary's declaration that the banks need not keep any cash reserve against Government deposits, and to the advice he gave to collectors of customs to expedite the importation of anthracite coal. The latter intimation seems to have fallen upon willing ears, since anthracite is coming in daily from Wales without any analysis to determine its percentage of fixed carbon. This is very much for the public convenience, of course. To stop the unloading of a ship till a chemist can ascertain whether the coal is dutiable or not would be simply maddening to a community suffering for want of fuel, yet that is what the law contemplates. Its words are not susceptible of any other interpretation. It is of the same character as many other schedules which require scientific treatment of the article imported, as, for example, the counting of the number of threads in a square inch of cloth and the determination of the nature of threads, whether wool or cotton etc. The shortest way to untie this knot is to repeal the duties on coal altogether. It is reported that President Roosevelt favors this course. Secretary Shaw will probably concur in that policy when he comes to survey the situation calmly as it affects himself.

"Mitchell Day" was celebrated in the anthracite fields on Wednesday of last week by general idleness, a monster procession, brass bands, speeches, and the like. One cannot but think this jubilation ill-timed, and the manner of it strangely at variance with the professed principles of the man whose name it bore. No one has been more lavish of sympathy for the coalless public than Mr. Mitchell, nobody knows better that mining is so far in arrear that every day's work before severe cold comes is worth a week later in the season. Everybody knows that such a demonstration as last week's means for many of its participants at least two days of idleness. In view of these facts, Mr. Mitchell might have made a wise and graceful use of his power by postponing the holiday, urging the return to labor of the 20 per cent. of miners still unemployed, and the signalizing of "Mitchell Day" by an extraordinary production of coal. If this were too much magnanimity and wisdom to expect of a labor leader flushed with success, it would none the less have been the surest way of commending Mr. Mitchell and his cause to the proprietors of some millions of ill-stocked or empty coal bins, who, as it is, can only protest—

"There is a public mischief in your mirth."

"We honor and respect our Presidents, Roosevelt and Mitchell," was the inscription on one of the banners borne in the "Mitchell Day" jollification. It was generous in the miners not to put Mitchell's name first. Mr. Roosevelt plainly endeavored to be entirely impartial, as between miners and operators, and has given it to be understood that he will altogether keep his hands off the work of the Arbitration Commission. It was inevitable, however, that his intervention should have been felt by the strikers to be a powerful weapon placed in their grasp. They certainly chose an unfortunate time and mode for showing their gratitude. With the country still crying aloud for coal, on the edge of winter, the workers snapped their fingers in the faces of the mine superintendents, threw down their tools, and went off for a day's merry-making. Thus we have already in evidence the headstrong insubordination and defiance of discipline which have made the Union so difficult a body to deal with. Doubtless the members all feel now a perfect right to say, as many of them in the past have impudently said to their employers, "We are not working for you, we are working for John Mitchell."

The connection between President Roosevelt's intervention in the coal strike and the effort of the French Government to bring about arbitration between the owners and the striking miners of Pas de Calais, is obvious and direct. Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt's example was openly adduced by Socialist orators in the Chamber. Why could not their Government come forward in the benevolent and effective manner of the American President? It is one proof more how small the world has become. Countries are now only as so many adjoining parishes, and what occurs in one is at once gossiped about and applied in the others. The pressure put upon the French Premier to imitate President Roosevelt is also a very sobering indication of the immense extension of the powers of Government which we are in for if this sort of thing goes on. Presidents and monarchs and party leaders will have to become Great Fathers of all their people, and will be held angrily to account if anything goes wrong anywhere. Government as an earthly providence, instead of a guarantee that all citizens shall be allowed peacefully to work out their own destinies, will be a new conception for Anglo-Saxons, and will involve vast changes for them. But we may take courage by reflecting that, as Sir Leslie Stephen says, people are saved by being illogical. They take each case simply by itself, and refuse to carry out a principle to its legitimate consequences. The President may elect to wash his hands of the next big strike, and then we should have a precedent on *that* side.

Little that is new is contained in the statement of the case of the anthracite miners, which was published on Tuesday. We presume that their assertions are supported—or that the attempt is made to support them—by detailed figures. In the absence of complete statistics, it would be impossible to say whether their claims have a foundation in fact. One point of theirs is, we suppose, not open to doubt. This is, that the cost of the necessaries of life has so increased under our belauded prosperity that workmen at fixed wages are worse off than before. General experience and price-lists bear this out. In their appeal for recognition of the Mine Workers' Union as promotive of "discipline" and efficiency, there seems to be a touch of sardonic humor. With 123 local strikes in 1901, though the Union was under agreement to keep at work and control its men, it is hard to see how this claim could have been put forward solemnly by Mr. Mitchell. He must have had at least a concealed grin. In his argument for collective bargaining between the men and the operators, he once more comes irresistibly up to the inference that the Union ought not to ask for a contract until it is incorporated and made legally responsible. Mr. Mitchell does not draw this inference, but others will. It is made compulsory by the whole situation.

A test is now to be made of the validity under the Federal Constitution of the "grandfather" clause which has been adopted by most of the States that have attempted to disfranchise the negro. This is the clause, inserted in the Constitutions of Mississippi, Louisiana, North Carolina, Alabama, and Virginia, which exempts persons whose fathers or grandfathers were voters before the civil war, from franchise disqualifications based on literacy or property holdings. In other words, it is the clause on which registration boards can rely to reject all negro voters in whose reading, writing, or interpretation of legal phrases from the Constitution they can pick a flaw, while permitting white illiterates to register and vote in spite of their ignorance. The "grandfather" clause was not a necessary part of the plans for negro disfranchisement. The negro vote as an important factor in the South has been effectively eliminated by means of educational and property requirements which, however wise or un-

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wise they may be, are of undoubted legality if applied with equal justice to all. The tests provided for the negro, however, would logically have disfranchised illiterate white voters also. To prevent this, and to defeat the requirements of equal justice in the application of the suffrage qualifications, the grandfather clause was devised. The question which the United States Supreme Court will be called upon to decide in the Alabama case is not, then, whether a State may restrict its elective franchise, but rather whether it may apply a restriction to one class of its citizens and not to another.

The nineteenth annual report of the United States Civil Service Commission records considerable progress. The rural free-delivery service of the Post-Office, a portion of the field services of the War Department, the permanent Census Office employees, and the clerks appointed for temporary duty during the war with Spain, are now all included in the competitive system. It is true that these employees got in by favor, but it is certainly a distinct gain to have the bars up now, even if the pastures are filled with henchmen. The increase of the Commission's business is best indicated by the fact that 62,029 persons were examined and 14,983 appointed to office. The Commission lays down excellent rules in regard to the partisan activity of office-holders, maintaining that in the classified service appointees should express their political feelings privately and take no part in campaigns. In the case of officers appointed through patronage, the Commission holds that they must not coerce their subordinates, or use their offices to control political movements or influence elections. Fourth-class postmasters, however, the Commission believes, should not be treated in the same way as the head of a great Federal office. But the Commission should not forget that the sole Federal official of a small village is often as influential in his smaller sphere as the great office-holder in his, and that the retention by the village postmaster of his party leadership frequently gives rise to abuses. If the Commission really wishes to strike a magnificent blow for the principle of non-interference by office-holders, it can do so by prosecuting Senator Quay for his flagrant violations of the Civil-Service Law.

A statement from the office of the City Comptroller shows that the budget of Greater New York for the ensuing year will be $1,545,534 less than it was last year, and that this reduction is due to the practical extinction of the direct State tax for the ensuing year. If we take into account the increase of local expenses caused by the city's growth, we shall find that the reduction in the budget due to the lessened State tax is $3,965,000. This in its turn is largely accounted for by the fact that there was a surplus in the State Treasury from former years amounting to $9,789,351. The Governor referred to this surplus in his last annual message, and recommended that the sum of $4,200,000 from the fund should be used the present year. By so doing, he said, the direct State tax could be reduced to 13-100 of a mill, which the Constitution requires to be levied for the sinking fund and interest on the canal debt. There would still be a surplus in the Treasury of upwards of $4,000,000, which might be considered a fair working balance to avoid the necessity of loans in anticipation of tax receipts. The showing is very satisfactory, as far as it goes, but it must be remembered that a surplus can be used only once, and that the problem of abolishing the direct State tax is not yet solved, although encouraging progress has been made in that direction.

Assuredly, it is time something were done to put a stop to the constant and progressive demoralization of the public mind by vulgar, morbid, and impure plays; but the reputed scheme of the Church Club and the Actors' Church Alliance to reform by means of boycott, with clergymen acting as moral walking delegates, does not inspire much confidence. All decent people, and all true friends of the stage, will sympathize with these enthusiastic gentlemen and wish them every success, but there is grave reason to doubt whether much good can be done by laborious personal advertisement of the fact that this or that play is so shocking that modest persons ought to stay away from it. In some cases, no doubt, the warning would be effective; but, unfortunately, the more energetic the crusade, the more notorious would become the cause of offence, and to make a vicious piece notorious is to play right into the hands of the managers. Is it so certain, moreover, that clergymen, as a rule, are the best judges of the moral quality and effect of a play? Is it not, as a matter of fact, almost proverbial that they are easily beguiled by a little mock religious sentiment, and that they have frequently extended valuable countenance and support to very flagrant theatrical impostures? Plays like "The Sign of the Cross" and "The Christian," not to mention a host of others, in which the attempt has been made to give a religious flavor to cheap and meretricious melodrama, have never experienced any difficulty in securing clerical commendation, sometimes in very unexpected quarters. There are, we believe, a considerable number of clergymen of different denominations who even to-day are in favor of public representations of the Passion Play, and are convinced that the result would be widespread spiritual regeneration.

It is encouraging to hear from an unbiassed observer of Cuban affairs that the outlook for the island is distinctly promising, despite the present stagnation in the Cuban sugar trade. The Chairman of the Cuban Central Railways made this statement in London on Thursday, and added that, from the point of view of the British investor, President Palma's Government was proceeding most satisfactorily. Our own advices from Havana confirm this optimistic view. The sugar growers believe that the coming winter will be better than the last, and the price of sugar has risen slightly. Not so much planting as usual has been done during the present season, but the low rate of wages now prevailing has enabled the work to be done more cheaply than in the past, which will help the plantation owners a good deal. President Palma shows that the Government has $1,500,000 in the treasury, and more money is being collected at the Custom-house than during the corresponding period in the American occupation. The Government, too, is spending less money than did the extravagant and wasteful administration of Gen. Wood. In Havana the sanitary conditions continue favorable. It is all the more to be regretted, therefore, that reports from Santiago and Cienfuegos indicate a retrogression in the matter of sanitation and general cleanliness.

The action of the South Kensington Museum in refusing longer to harbor certain loaned exhibits puts the lenders to the necessity of storing their treasures elsewhere. Nothing more can be made of the affair than that. Collectors are naturally glad to save storage and insurance charges while exhibiting their collections to art lovers at no inconvenience to themselves, and museums are glad to get temporary exhibitions of high quality. The collectors are perfectly able to pay for the cost of storing their objects of art; and the museums, as their permanent exhibits increase, can naturally give less space to loans. Some of the American collectors, however, whose pictures have been long at the South Kensington Museum, must choose between burying works of great interest in storage warehouses, or paying the oppressive Dingley duties, which thus not only deprive us in America of art treasures that should naturally be ours, but also affect the art situation abroad. There is a palpable absurdity in legislation that further enriches through American money the private houses and warehouses of a city which is already as regards art one of the richest cities in the world. A proper presentation of the case to Congress should secure the repeal of an obsolete and barbarous provision of the Dingley act.

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MR. CLEVELAND IN NEW JERSEY.

It was fitting that ex-President Cleveland should make his single speech of the campaign, as he did on Thursday night, in the Fifth Congressional District of New Jersey. The Democratic candidate, Mr. Dewitt Clinton Flanagan, was making his aggressive canvass in the face of a normal Republican majority in the district of about 2,000, and on a genuine Cleveland platform. His convention not only gave Bryanism the go-by, but repudiated it in set terms; and tariff reform, with measures against the Trusts as well as against the bulwark of them, has been the chief issue urged. Very naturally, therefore, there was a great rallying of Cleveland Democrats to Mr. Flanagan's support, and the ex-President could not deny his own when pressed to go to Morristown to aid in this revival of the policies and enthusiasms associated with his name.

Mr. Cleveland might be pardoned for recalling with pride his part in revivifying the Democratic party by giving it the tariff issue. His message of 1887 determined the course of political events for the next five years. In his own party, it created a soul under the ribs of death. The Republicans it drove to the full display of the selfish and baleful power of protection, and to overwhelming defeat in 1892. The man who did all this may justifiably speak of the work of his own hands. Mr. Cleveland's gift of political prescience was never more clearly shown than when, at the opening of the Tilden Club, some months ago, he indicated tariff reform as the great issue of this campaign. The Republican newspapers shook with pitying laughter. Poor man, with only one idea! But they have lived to see the canvass fought precisely along the lines marked by the ex-President. The tariff and Trusts, with the relations of one to the other, have been the staple of political debate in every newspaper and on every stump in the country. It is a striking evidence of the sense of the popular drift which Mr. Cleveland possesses in so eminent a degree. His letter to a Southern correspondent shortly after his election in 1892 (made public much later), forecasting the troubles on the money question, with the breaking away of the silver wing of the party, showed him, as has the present campaign, to be endowed with a prophetic soul in matters political, brooding on things to come.

Not the least remarkable of Mr. Cleveland's predictions was that which he made in his tariff message of 1887, relative to the way in which the historic defence of the protective system would be undermined by Trusts. Competition will undo all the evils of tariff favoritism, cried the protectionists; but "this competition," said Mr. Cleveland fifteen years ago, "is too often strangled by combinations quite prevalent at this time and frequently called Trusts." The Republicans laughed the doctrine to scorn at the time; but to-day they are confessing with visible alarm that it is Gospel truth. Nothing else accounts for the agitation for tariff reform within their own party. Republican nominees for Congress in Massachusetts and in Iowa have echoed Mr. Cleveland's words, and placed themselves upon his platform. Even Secretary Root came on from Washington to confess, in the presence of cheering New York Republicans, that many tariff schedules should be revised. Mr. Root, however, had to make the solemn old proviso that "when the tariff is to be revised, it should be revised by its friends." By a happy coincidence, Mr. Cleveland was referring to this humbugging pretension at the very moment Secretary Root was speaking, and called it, with more truth than elegance, a "hoary-headed, bloated, and malodorous old fraud and pretence." Strong words might be excused in referring to Mr. Root's preposterous assertions. They amount to this: The tariff ought to be revised; but the Democratic party can't do it, the Republican won't. We say that his attitude is practically one of denial of any tariff relief, for that is what it amounts to. His idea of a Republican "wise and conservative" revision, the work done by scientists instead of politicians, is nonsense.

The thing will never be achieved in that way. Why it will not, was vividly explained by a colleague of Mr. Root's in the Cabinet, whose words were telegraphed to the Chicago *Record-Herald* as follows:

> "Our friends out in Iowa think they want some revision of the tariff. So do our other friends, the retail butchers. But I'll wager something pretty they can't agree as to where the protection shall be taken off. The tariff is largely a local question, after all. One section won't have one schedule touched, and another won't have another schedule touched or fooled with, and then there are *men like Aldrich who will raise hades if the duties on dolls' eyes are shaded a hair's breadth, and who will log-roll and make combinations and help everybody who will help them to take care of dolls' eyes.*"

We believe that Mr. Cleveland is right about it. The Republican party is in the grip of men who will not renounce the pound of flesh nominated in the bond. Touch one of them, and they all band together for common defence and continued plunder. The only way to break up the alliance of "one for all and all for one" is to notify all concerned that this thing has got to stop. Electing a Democratic House is the shortest and sharpest way to serve that notice.

AN ADVANCE WARNING.

Mr. F. A. Vanderlip's address before the Wilmington Chamber of Commerce, which may be read in Sunday's *Herald*, sounded a note of grave but needed warning in respect to our existing trade and financial situation. On Mr. Vanderlip's qualifications as an expert authority, we need not remark. His service at the Treasury in Washington, together with his more recent banking connections, gave Mr. Vanderlip unusual opportunities for the study of finance; and his investigations of European commerce and the "American invasion" have been too recently put before the public to need fresh reference. Without any political bias whatever, and speaking purely as a financier closely watching the course of events, Mr. Vanderlip pointed out certain ominous conditions and tendencies for which, he said, we must find the proper corrective if we would not plunge into "disaster and humiliation later on."

Taking up first the signs of the times in the sphere of international trade, Mr. Vanderlip asserts, what the cold figures demonstrate, that "if we are honest with ourselves we must admit that the edge is off our invasion of foreign markets." The state of European opinion about our potential power as exporters has undergone something like a revolution within two years. When Mr. Vanderlip was on his travels early in 1901, he found European bankers and statesmen nervously apprehensive on the subject of American competition. They had an almost credulous belief in the unlimited possibilities of our development and in the danger to their interests involved in it. But this year he saw the same men again, and their tone was entirely different. Instead of fears that we might ruin them by taking away their markets, he found an "anxious interest in our future"—an anxiety, that is, lest the enormous American borrowings on the European bourses prove too great a strain for our resources. The amount of this foreign indebtedness Mr. Vanderlip has heard estimated in Europe as high as $300,000,000. He thinks that figure too large, but does not deny that the true total is very large or that it is a real cloud upon our financial horizon. It certainly makes the talk of our "trade balances" look uncommonly silly, and is the best explanation of the perturbing fact that now, "in the midst of extraordinary bountiful harvests and at the season when a movement of gold in this direction might normally be expected, we are concerned lest a high rate of sterling shall lead to gold exports."

On the domestic side, Mr. Vanderlip is no less trenchant. The signs abound that an era of inflation and speculation has strained our credit. The surest sign is the condition of the banks. Since 1899 there has been an expansion of $1,300,000,000 in the deposits of all the national banks, "while the basis of gold and legal tenders, upon which that inverted pyramid stands, is actually slightly smaller than it was at the beginning of the period"—has fallen, that is, from $509,000,000 to $508,000,000. In other words, there has been a phenomenal increase in lia-

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bilities, but a shrinkage in the reserve basis.

This great and dangerous expansion of credit Mr. Vanderlip attributes to several causes, though chief among them he ranks "the movement to aggregate industrial establishments into single great corporate units and to convert the evidence of ownership into corporate securities." Thus what was formerly individual ownership and fixed investment has been turned into bank collateral; what was closely held by individuals or separate corporations has been made to pass into the financial operations of the day. Hand in hand with this tremendous extension of credit have gone many forms of lavish expenditure. Liquid capital has been converted into fixed investment by the hundred million. At abnormally high prices for both labor and material, railroads and great manufacturing plants have been locking up money in improvements that often threaten to consume more in interest than they produce in income. Very many such operations, Mr. Vanderlip believes, have "gone beyond the limit of safety." So extreme have been the high prices for raw materials that the cost of production has been markedly increased, with the result that "we find ourselves actually importing from some of the foreign markets that two or three years ago were in a panic over our invasion." The whole trade and financial situation calls imperatively, in fact, for that restriction of bank credits which has been going on perforce during the past few weeks, and which Mr. Vanderlip thinks must go much further if the perils that he so clearly sees are to be warded off.

His bold and plain words are, in our judgment, warranted by the facts in the case, and he has put the public in his debt by uttering them. He calls his address "a conservative note of warning," and such it is. We believe that he speaks the thoughts of many hearts. No one can talk with cautious bankers or financiers without running upon distrust of the soundness of the present position. Still more sail must be taken in if we are not to run upon the rocks which Mr. Vanderlip indicates in the course on which we have been so light-heartedly steering. His sound and courageous speech will have its value as a political landmark, set up before the elections that might result in a Democratic House, when every Republican orator would be found crying that prosperity was chilled and enterprise furled her wings instantly on hearing the news. A parallel to the old lies about who "brought on the hard times" in 1893 would be devised, we may be sure. But Mr. Vanderlip's address will remain for the historian, just as did the action of Secretary Foster early in 1893 in preparing to borrow money for the Treasury which a Republican Administration and Republican laws had emptied, to show that a financial rake's progress was detected by cool observers long before any election.

THE PERFECT PLASTERER.

The reasons for the plasterers' strike which at present is delaying the construction of many great buildings in this city, will be clear enough to all who are so fortunate as to possess a little pamphlet entitled "Instructions for Foremen Plasterers and Information for Employers," being apparently an extract from the constitution of the Operative Plasterers' Society. First of all, the foreman of any plastering job, however small, is certified by the Society, and is responsible, not to his employer and paymaster, but to the body which has made him a foreman. Rather than work under these conditions, the employers have taken the chances of a strike. The duty of the foreman is primarily "to see that all men working under him are in good standing in this Society." The foreman, should he employ a non-member, becomes immediately responsible for his initiation fee. Should he fail to report a non-member put upon a job, the same penalty applies. But the most grievous offence which a foreman can commit is "insisting on rushing the men," or similarly "bringing about a condition of affairs that would be detrimental to the members of this Society." This, if proved against him, is punishable by a fine, suspension, or, at the second offence, by degradation to the ranks.

As one passes from the foreman to the laborers, the plasterers' vademecum assumes increasingly the character of a "Don't" book For example: Don't take more than three apprentices, and don't let any of them work at other work than plastering; don't rough-plaster more than ten tenement-house rooms in two days; don't finish the work in less than six days more; finally, don't do alone what can be done with the aid of a fellow-member, or, textually, "It shall not be allowable for members to work single-handed at any part of the trade of plastering where two men can work to advantage. Foremen will be held strictly responsible for the violation of this rule."

Employers have very little place or honor in this manual, though one may infer from certain clauses that they still retain the privilege of paying their men. This right, however, has its limitations, for do we not read that "none but members in good standing in the O. P. S. shall be permitted to work at the trade of plastering, within the jurisdiction of the above Society"? Just how far the sovereignty of the Operative Plasterers' Society extends is left uncertain, but, from the article on "country work," students of spheres of influence would argue that its jurisdiction is extensive. Country jobs are to be paid for at the city rate, plus board and travelling expenses; and none but members of the O. P. S. are to be employed, except that in case there is a local union, "permission" is given to employers to take on one-half local union men at local union rates. Again, employers enjoy the more costly privilege of paying by the day certain workmen with whom they have a dispute until the dispute be settled. Article xiii., section 8: "After working eight hours, a member shall receive his wages if he demands it" (*i. e.*, may leave the work at will, but may not be discharged by his employer); but "if the member's demands are not complied with, he shall receive the regular rate of wages *for all working time he is waiting.*" What power enforces this provision is left as indefinite as is the precise "jurisdiction" of the O. P. S.

If we should now ask in Wordsworthian phrase, "Who is the happy plasterer, who is he?" the answer would be plain from the above. He is a workman who renounces the ambition of doing much work for much pay, and accepts irrevocably the standard of the average workman; he is a workman who takes his orders, not from his employer, who is responsible for the work, but from his union foreman, who is responsible, through the "walking delegate," to the union; he is a workman whose task is laid down with mediæval minuteness—the method, the time to be given to each stage of the plastering; finally, he is a workman who is forbidden to manifest extraordinary individual excellence or industry, under penalty of living in what Commissioner Sargent euphemistically calls "a disagreeable atmosphere." Such is the portrait of the perfect plasterer as it is presented in his own book, and it all recalls the "gospel of work" compiled some ten years ago by certain graceless undergraduates of a New England college. Of this gospel of work the first doctrine was: "Don't work immediately before or after eating"; and the second and last was "Don't work between meals." The plasterers have not yet reached this fine simplicity, but they are clearly in the right way, and the British unions, with their "ca' canny" system, show where organized labor's primrose path is leading.

LITERARY AND MUSICAL PLAGIARISM.

The verdict of the Supreme Court in awarding to Mr. Victor Herbert $15,000 damages will probably diminish the number of charges of plagiarism that have heretofore been brought in great numbers against both composers and authors. The man of letters has one great advantage over the musician: by the simple expedient of using quotation marks, he can honorably appropriate anything he likes in the whole range of

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literature. "Blessed be the inverted commas," he may often say to himself. Emerson went so far as to declare that, "next to the originator of a good sentence, is the first quoter of it." Yet, despite this advantage, in thousands of cases authors have preferred to pilfer the ideas of others, and to present them in the disguise of a different phraseology. When Macaulay wrote, "The Puritans hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators," he may or may not have remembered that Hume had written, "Even bear-baiting was esteemed heathenish and unchristian: the sport of it, not the inhumanity, gave offence." But his way of putting the same thing is so much more felicitous than Hume's that we pardon the plagiarism.

Lowell sums up the philosophy of the subject in two lines:

> "Though old the thought and oft exprest,
> 'Tis his at last who says it best."

The footnotes in Bartlett's 'Familiar Quotations' showing how many of the best things of the greatest writers were said by others before them, seem to argue that Mr. Andrew Lang was right in declaring that "there are no new ideas." Virgil stole from Homer, but Homer was not original: "all his incidents were of primeval antiquity, even in his own time; he plagiarized them from popular stories; he stole the Cyclops almost ready-made." Shakspere hardly ever invented a plot or incident, but took his material wherever he pleased; yet no one esteems him the less therefor, probably because, as Voltaire said, "Of all forms of theft, plagiarism is the least dangerous to society." Poe's attack on "Longfellow and other plagiarists" did not damage the Cambridge poet; nor was Tennyson injured by those who cried "Stop, thief!" in his case. Mr. Lang remarks that, "according to a recent biographer of Byron, originality can be expected from nobody except a lunatic, a hermit, or a sensational novelist."

While musicians have no quotation marks to legalize borrowings, there is one way in which they can honestly appropriate melodies written by others, namely, by writing fantasias on operas or other compositions. In this line Liszt was a supreme master; he could take a piece by almost any composer, however great, and, in paraphrasing it, or arranging it for other instruments, usually improve on the original. Folk melodies are also considered common property for any one to appropriate. But in original compositions no musician can adopt the melodies or peculiar harmonic combinations of another without incurring the charge of plagiarism. It is no wonder that most composers have incurred it. Richard Wagner was decried at the same time as an iconoclast and as a "plagiarist of Mendelssohn" and others. Undoubtedly there are passages in his works that do recall his predecessors and idols. His early operas suggest Weber and Marschner. In his Nibelung dramas the motive of the dwarfs is rhythmically like the theme of the scherzo in Schubert's D minor quartet. There are also borrowings from Liszt, whose symphonic works he was reading with enthusiasm at the time he was writing his Tetralogy. When it came to a rehearsal of "Die Walküre," in 1876, Wagner suddenly exclaimed: "Here comes a theme which I got from you." And Liszt took the matter very calmly. "Very well," he replied, "that will at last give it a chance to be heard."

Brahms was a great borrower of other people's melodies. His appropriations from Beethoven, in his first symphony, almost amount to unacknowledged quotation. Brahms made no secret of his method; when some one called his attention to something he had taken from Mendelssohn, he replied, "Any ass could tell that." In their early works all the great masters copied their models; Mozart wrote like Haydn, Beethoven, like Mozart, Schubert like Beethoven, Chopin like Hummel, Grieg like Schumann, and so on. Indeed, the only meaning that can be attached to the expression a "school of music" must refer to imitation, which is a kind of plagiarism.

The most unblushing and persistent of musical plagiarists was the pious Handel. So extensive were his practices in this line that one of his most ardent English admirers dubbed him, "the grand old thief." Crotch made a list, in 1831, of twenty-nine composers from whom he had "conveyed," and there are others. There could have been no objection to his borrowing fugue themes, for they, like opera librettos in Italy, were at that time common property; but he appropriated, by wholesale, complete pieces of music from the works of other composers, in the most barefaced way. Some of the biographers of Handel have attempted to minimize his flagrant thefts; but the most authoritative of them, Dr. Chryander, rises to the occasion. A fanatic Handel enthusiast, he does not, as might have been expected, denounce those who accuse his divinity of plagiarism; on the contrary, he savagely attacks those who deny the charge, and, with deep erudition, shows up their ignorance. But—and here is the gist of the matter—"he considers," as Mr. Shedlock writes, "that Handel glorified any composer from whom he borrowed, and points triumphantly to the honor which had been paid to the Erba Magnificat and the Urio Te Deum—the latter he had himself published—solely on account of the use Handel had made of them." In view of all these facts, it would seem that modern composers, if accused of plagiarism, could afford to smile, and, if vain—as most musicians are—retort: "Yes, but see how I have improved on my predecessor." And the experience of the past shows that whenever a plagiarism is an improvement, it is sure to be forgiven.

A CENTURY OF REVIEWING.

Probably the last way to stir the reading world of 1902 would be to launch a quarterly magazine, and it is somewhat difficult to imagine the sensational success of the venture of Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, and Brougham a hundred years ago. A glance at the early numbers of the *Edinburgh Review* suggests, as Sir Leslie Stephen has said, that the excitement over each issue was a case of much ado about nothing. And, in fact, cocksure Whiggism in politics and equally cocksure Toryism in letters, were the only ingredients of popularity that the new review contained. Yet the October number, which marks the centenary of this famous review, illustrates excellently the grounds of its permanent influence. The *Edinburgh Review* of October, 1902, comes out in the modest typographical form which it had at the beginning; offers in politics that attenuation of Whiggism which modern Liberalism has come to be; and exemplifies in letters, if not the savagery which slated a Wordsworth and a Byron, at least a conservatism which is severe towards all unruly talent. Such a consistency of purpose and principle is hardly exhibited elsewhere, even in the case of the *Edinburgh's* early rival, the *Quarterly Review*. If the mantle of Jeffrey has grown thin with wear, it rests naturally enough upon the shoulders of the anonymous contributors to the centenary number.

This consistency, based upon a fixed philosophy to which all individual cases are referred, was an unheard-of thing in the journalism of 1802, and now, after a hundred years, is still highly exceptional, and, we believe, valuable. The *Edinburgh* did for English politics very much what the writers for the *Federalist* and the protagonists of the French Revolution had already done for their respective nations—raised it from the level of libellous pamphleteering and venal journalism to that of serious debate. But some such reform was already in the air, and the service of the new review to literature was, though unconsciously, even greater than its services to Liberalism. It would not be to much to say that the *Edinburgh* fairly created critical book-reviewing.

There had been various attempts from the close of the seventeenth century to review the current literary production, but these criticisms had invariably fallen into the hands of booksellers' hacks and other "obscure hirelings," as Smollet in his *Critical Review* called them. And, in fact, the great works of Pope, Fielding, Goldsmith, Gray, to name no others, received, unless they became the subject of literary controversy, only

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such comment as town talk afforded. It was, then, a complete and welcome novelty to find honest men of vigorous intellectual parts writing down with absolute fearlessness their personal judgment on the books of the day. And if to-day there are still those who have the courage of their literary convictions and feel that the appeal to first principles is always salutary, they are the legitimate descendants of the courageous young men who founded the *Edinburgh Review*.

It were easy to point out both the doctrinal weakness of this philosophic method of criticism and the concrete errors of judgment which resulted therefrom. The criticism of Macaulay illustrates the merits and defects of the method. He is the Edinburgh Reviewer *par excellence*. His somewhat insensitive nature, which readily converted political differences into literary dislikes; his trenchant manner, with no other ornament than the brilliancy of the thought; his prodigious reading and sometimes unwise readiness to descant *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*—all these Macaulayan characteristics show doctrinaire reviewing at its best and at its worst. It is easy, we have said, to see the defects of such a conception of the critic's office; imperfect sympathy, rhetorical exaggeration, unconscious misrepresentation, are among the most obvious. From such faults the doctrinaire reviewer will never be wholly free. And yet the method of Macaulay presents merits which the reviewing of to-day signally lacks. It shows, to begin with, a certain confidence in the intellectuality of the average reader. The Edinburgh reviewers were beset by no fears that their readers would not follow a serious train of reasoning. To-day, reviewers of equal competence are prone to seek the mole-like obscurity of the philological or scientific periodicals. The Edinburgh reviewers held it to be their function to study subjects and measure books by the great standards of literature and scholarship. The reviewer of to-day disbelieves in standards, too often is passably ignorant of literature and scholarship, and holds that his duty lies in the amiable advertisement of books and authors. If the reviewing of Jeffrey and Sydney Smith was frequently narrow and dogmatic, it at least never descended to mere chit-chat; it unfailingly made its appeal, not to the reader's curiosity, but to his intelligence.

Any danger that may come from academic aloofness and doctrinaire intolerance is far less than the danger that comes from ignorance and vulgarity. Any critical attitude, however prejudiced, is better for literature and for life than the negation of criticism. For a hundred years the *Edinburgh Review* has carried proudly its style, "a critical journal," and now it will receive from all sides those sturdy congratulations which belong of right to him who fights a good fight and keeps the faith.

THE BODLEIAN TERCENTENARY.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, October 18, 1902.

The occasion of the 300th anniversary of the foundation of the "public" library of Oxford University by Sir Thomas Bodley has proved a most interesting one. The days set apart for it were Wednesday and Thursday of last week, October 8 and 9. The actual date of the ceremonial and processional inauguration of the Bodleian in 1602 was November 8, but the Gregorian Calendar, adopted in 1582 by most Roman Catholic countries, was not recognized in the England of King James, so that the actual day of the tercentenary had to be fixed in October, and it was convenient for various reasons to put it early rather than late in the month.

The assemblage of delegates was most imposing. They numbered 150 odd, and represented universities, libraries, academies, and learned bodies, in all parts of Great Britain and the British Empire, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Belgium, Austria, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, Spain, Switzerland, the United States, Chili, and Egypt. There were also more than sixty especially invited guests. Upon their arrival in Oxford these gentlemen were severally welcomed at various colleges and private houses, and at nine o'clock were duly brought to the Vice-Chancellor's evening reception, in the Ashmolean Museum and University Galleries. For many of them, no doubt, this was their first view of the treasures which have accumulated during the directorship of the present keeper of Ashmole's Museum, Mr. Arthur Evans; and, for all, the special exhibition, in the Slade professor's studio, of drawings, plans, and photographs illustrating the keeper's recent discoveries at Knossos, was a revelation. The brilliant effect produced by the various robes academical worn upon this occasion can scarcely be exaggerated. The shades of yellow, ranging from a delicate English cowslip hue to something verging closely upon orange, which characterized the robes of the Universities of Paris, Lille, Nancy, and Caen, the resplendent folds of the gowns worn by Oxford doctors of music, and the gorgeous reds of Oxford doctors of civil law, were thrown into relief by the black robes of the Oxonian M.A.'s, each one of whom wore the red silk hood reserved for state occasions. There were dark blue hoods from Yale and Edinburgh, and black gowns slashed with broad bands of yellow; and also the newly devised gowns of the Oxford doctorates in science and letters lent brilliancy to the scene, which was made more gorgeous by the evening toilettes of the many ladies present.

The result was something which must have come nearer than any ordinary festal assemblage of our time to the color effects of state ceremonial occasions in the seventeenth century. For once the regulation black of men's attire was discarded, and every bidden guest came in bright colors to the festival, with the exception of the few representatives whose university authorities have not sanctioned the wearing of hoods or of academical costumes. Here and there a delegated librarian appeared in the uniform of the civil service to which he belonged. Altogether, the effect to the eye was as unique as was the occasion which caused the assemblage. Those who had been present at the recent Yale University Bicentennial spoke of the striking resemblance—with a difference, of course—between this occasion and that. Indeed, in the merely superficial matter of academic costume, it is plain that our American academic tradition has altered since the 250th anniversary of the foundation of Harvard, in 1886, and perhaps we may take this as an outward sign of the closer association between American and English universities feelingly dwelt upon at New Haven by Dr. James Wilson, the Oxford delegate in 1901.

Having been received officially by the Vice-Chancellor on Wednesday evening, the delegates and guests all assembled in the Sheldonian Theatre to participate in the proceedings of the University there assembled in Convocation for the purpose of conferring honorary degrees, of receiving addresses of congratulation, and of hearing the Latin oration of the Public Orator, the Rev. W. W. Merry, D.D., Rector of Lincoln College. When we reflect that the whole celebration centred around the memory of Sir Thomas Bodley, who retired after a brilliant ambassadorial career, and devoted his fortune and energies to establishing the great library which bears his name, we can appreciate the dramatic appropriateness which brought to Oxford the American Ambassador at Berlin, founder of the Andrew D. White Library at Cornell University, as the delegate representing Yale University, and made him head the distinguished roster of those honored by the degree of D.C.L. In this connection it is also gratifying to note that Mr. Willard Fiske, whose unique services as librarian and collector have so vastly enriched the Cornell Library, was able to be present as a specially invited guest; the Cornell Librarian, Mr. Harris, being its delegated representative. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, Chancellor of McGill University, came next, and was enthusiastically acclaimed as the representative of Canada and of the British Colonies. Dr. Feodor Martens of St. Petersburg University was then presented for the degree, and the eulogium of him by Professor Goudy touched upon the same themes dwelt upon by President Hadley in conferring upon him the degree of LL.D. at the Yale Bicentennial. A compatriot of Dr. Martens, Professor Vinogradoff, closed the line of those receiving the D.C.L., and was greeted as a typical representative of the Slavic genius, as well as a familiar friend of Oxford University and a student of the laws and customs of England and Western Europe.

Professor Poulton then introduced for the Degree of D.Sc. the senior delegate from Harvard, Prof. Charles Sedgwick Minot, speaking of his scientific preëminence, and of his presidency of the "Societas Americana ad augendam Scientiam instituta, quam Societatis nostræ Britannicæ sororem carissimam iure dicere possum." He also touched upon Harvard University as yielding in antiquity to the Bodleian "non nisi quinquaginta fere annorum spatio." Last came those presented by Professor Bywater for the Degree of D.Litt., twelve in number. Count Ugo Balzani, representing two Roman societies, came first; then Dr.

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J. B. Bury, Regius Professor of Greek at Dublin, was honored; and after him in strict alphabetical order came Dr. James H. Canfield, the well-known Librarian of Columbia University, and Mr. John Willis Clark, Registrary of Cambridge University and the author of an authoritative book on Mediæval Libraries. Three librarians then followed one another, Mr. Jenkinson of the Cambridge University Library, Geheimrat Dr. Georg von Laubman of Munich, and M. Henri Omont of the Bibliothèque Nationale and the Institute of France. The Royal Academy of Berlin was next honored in its eminent representative Geheimer Regierungsrat Dr. Edward Sachau, and then the Rector of Vienna University, Dr. Schipper, was presented and acclaimed Doctor of Letters, and upon him followed Dr. de Vries, Librarian at Leyden, and Mr. George F. Warner of the MSS. department at the British Museum. Last came Professor Andrew F. West of Princeton University, whose reception showed how well-remembered in Oxford were the hospitalities extended at Princeton to those who, not many years ago, took part in the anniversary celebration of that university.

These Latin presentations for degrees being over, the Registrar of the University called, from where he stood by the Vice-Chancellor's side, the long roll of universities, academies, and learned societies which had sent addresses of congratulation. Nineteen British, four French, thirteen German, one Italian, two Dutch, five Austrian, four Scandinavian, two Russian, five Swiss, and seven United States universities handed in variously blazoned, written, and engrossed addresses; and when to these, as they accumulated in cases and boxes of all shapes, were added the written congratulations of libraries, academies, and learned bodies in both hemispheres and on all continents, the resulting mass formed a most formidable barrow, but one of which Oxford may well be as proud as she is of the Saxon mound which is her most ancient monument.

The last business at this meeting of the University in Convocation was by no means the least interesting. Latin in the skilful hands of the Public Orator can hardly be stigmatized as a dead language. Those who frequent the yearly Eucænia know from experience that he can sway his audience with the genuine power of living oratory, and are accustomed to lend themselves with delight to the charm of his rich, sonorous voice, by which they are led through the events of each succeeding year as it closes. When the topic is gay, Dr. Merry can provoke his audience to roars of laughter, and few will forget, who heard them, the deep feeling of his words upon the South African war, just closed, before his oration of last June. The admiration and interest with which all who were present listened to Dr. Merry's *Oratio in Theatro Sheldoniano habita trecentesimum annum a Bibliotheca Bodleiana condita celebrantibus Academicis*, were unmistakable; and I feel sure that those of your readers who have taken interest in American academical celebrations and anniversaries, which have in the present generation been both abundant and imposing, will be glad to know that the Bodleian Oration has been published verbatim in the *Oxford University Gazette* for October 17, 1902.

After a genial welcome to all present in the name of hospitality and on the strength of common pursuit, Dr. Merry contemplated the nothingness of 300 years while he cast his backward glance into the era of letters in Accad and at Nineveh, and adverted to the miraculous revelations of a still remoter day of literature which had yielded to the zealous investigations of "Musæi Ashmoleani custos noster," by whom he hoped they would soon be published. Ancient Egypt, the Ptolemies, the Pergamene kings, Augustus, and Trajan arrested his thought for a moment, and then he dwelt upon the wanton ruin and waste of the barbarian invasions, and gloried in the scholarship of the revival of letters. In this whole train of retrospect, there was a recognition of the remote past which is characteristic of the prevailing atmosphere of Oxford, and may be contrasted with President Eliot's exultant strain of pride in the achievements of modern days and the more immediate past, in his speech at the Yale Bicentennial. "The human world has been made over since Yale was founded," said President Eliot, and he added: "She antedates the accepted basal ideas of existing civilized governments, and their actual forms, whether called empire, monarchy, or republic. She antedates all professions except the ministry and the law, and all the implements of labor and transportation in modernized countries." Striking as is this expression of a genuinely typical modern mood, Dr. Merry was no less eloquent and expressed quite as adequately an equally typical mood of our time when he said, after speaking of the Oxford anniversary rejoicing: "Nevertheless we are not such dullards (*insulsi*) that we rate these three hundred years at more than the estimation of a pin-prick's breadth of time (*punctum temporis minimum*)."

Into the history of the Library at Oxford before Bodley's day and the praises of its benefactors since that day, lack of space forbids me to follow the Public Orator, and I can only touch upon the warm tribute paid by him to the sister University of Cambridge and to other like institutions in the Empire. A peculiar gracefulness of voice and diction marked his greeting to the mother University of Paris, and his mention by name of its representative, M. Alfred Croiset, Director of the Sorbonne, whose recent address at Harvard has left so lasting an impression in America. He deplored that time did not serve him to say all that he would of the famous men who had come from the older universities of Europe or from the younger and vigorous universities of America, "from whom the older institutions had much to learn." Finally, after dwelling upon the great Frenchmen of the old days who had influenced Oxford from the mother university in Paris, the Orator launched into the general subject of the progress in science and the arts as represented by so many distinguished guests not delegated from universities, and concluded a much-applauded speech of welcome in the words with which Dido welcomed Æneas.

The whole assemblage of Convocation then dispersed, and gathered for a time in the Divinity School and the various rooms of the Bodleian, their passage from the Sheldonian being rendered unduly embarrassing by one of those heavy downpours which must be expected in the autumnal season at Oxford. Finally, the whole celebration closed with a banquet in Christ Church dining-hall, where 300 covers were laid. Splendid as the hall of Christ Church is, it is far inferior acoustically alike to the more ancient hall of New College and the very modern one of Balliol College, in either of which would have been heard to better advantage the memorable after-dinner speech in which Sir Richard Jebb, representing, in conjunction with Mr. George Macmillan, the Hellenic Society, declared that "Bodley wrought for Oxford first and England, but also for the world, the wide commonwealth of letters"; and added that he was on that occasion memorably saluted "in his own illustrious University" by "representatives of that cosmopolitan brotherhood." Time runs short for speaking of the toasts to the Bodleian, to the guests, for whom response was made by the Hon. A. D. White and M. Paul Meyer, and to the University, for which the Vice-Chancellor made answer. Suffice it to say that this unique commemoration was brought to a successful close in the dining-hall of Christ Church, and the numerous delegates appear to have enjoyed the whole occasion. Expressions of thanks to Mr. A. Cowley, the sub-librarian, upon whom the heaviest duties of organization fell, were warm and frequent.

If in the confusion of a heavy rainstorm their visit to the Bodleian was somewhat cut short, it is to be hoped this was made up to the delegates by the beautiful book printed for the occasion, and handed to each of them as a memento of the pleasure they gave by their presence at the celebration. This quarto volume of fifty printed pages contains eleven beautifully executed photographic plates, one photographic book-plate, and three full-page photographic facsimiles. It is entitled 'Pietas Oxoniensis in Memory of Sir Thomas Bodley, Knt., and the Foundation of the Bodleian Library.' As this book is not published, it is likely to figure among the unprocurable desiderata of future bibliomaniacs. The Oxford-blue cover has the Bodley medal on its front, and on its back the University arms, as used by Joseph Barnes, University printer in 1585. A life of Thomas Bodley, with the history of the University Library before his day, fills the bulk of the volume, which also gives Bodley's genealogy *in extenso*; a short account of gifts, transfers, bequests, and deposits, a register of successive librarians, and a very full account of all Bodleian catalogues. The frontispiece portrait of Bodley, two other representations of him—all three from originals in the Library—are uncommonly fine plates, as also is the plate reproducing the portrait "by or after Van Dyck" of Archbishop Laud, which is one of the Bodleian treasures. John Selden's picture by Mytens, and a striking, though less skilful, portrayal of Rawlinson, as well as a delightful crayon-drawing of Douce, admirably reproduced, all conspire to make of this sumptuous volume a worthy memento of the academic commemoration just brought to a close.

But the fortunate coöperation at Oxford of the oldest of learned libraries with the oldest existing university press has made possible a timely publication which learned librarians and students of bibliography may well regard as, *par excellence*, the most permanently valuable contribution of Oxford learning to the universal commonwealth of letters that has signalized the Bodleian Tercentenary. It is, indeed, a

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coincidence worthy of more than passing notice which brought to their timely completion the twelve-year-long labors of Mr. Reginald Lane-Poole, and enabled the Clarendon Press to publish on the day of the Tercentenary a volume of the 'Anecdota Oxoniensia,' containing in 580 pages Mr. Poole's learned edition of a hitherto unpublished bibliographical MS. preserved among Selden's Bodleian stores. The full title runs as follows: 'Anecdota Oxoniensia: Index Britanniæ Scriptorum quos ex variis bibliothecis non parvo labore collegit Ioannes Baleus cum aliis' (John Bale's Index of British and Other Writers, edited by Reginald Lane-Poole, M.A., Ph.D., Fellow of St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford, with the help of Mary Bateson, associate and lecturer of Newnham College, Cambridge). Those who are aware of the editor's manifold and exacting duties as University Reader in Diplomatics, managing editor of the *English Historical Review*, and college tutor and lecturer in history, will marvel at the vast range and extent of his learned industry, and above all will associate with the Bodleian Tercentenary commemoration unequivocal evidences that sound and devoted scholarship still flourishes at Oxford as of yore. LOUIS DYER.

Correspondence.

TO WRITERS ABOUT ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the interests of realism, may I offer a caution to American writers who have occasion to describe the speech of uneducated Englishmen? The efforts made on this side of the Atlantic to represent the Cockney's misuse of "h" are almost invariably grotesque failures, for the reason that no notice is taken of the difference between accented and unaccented syllables. For instance, the editor of a Boston magazine has lately been giving an account of his experiences in the London streets on Coronation Day, and he makes his policemen say, "Hit's a Yank just harrived," "Hit's against horders," "You're one of those Hamerican newspaper chaps." Now if any policemen really spoke in this fashion they were undoubtedly Americans, even though they lived in London, for no one but an American speaks so slowly and with such a lack of vocal inflection as to be able to take breath before an unaccented syllable. "Horders" is good Cockney, for the aspirate is prefixed to a syllable on which the stress falls, but every other example of the superfluous "h" in these three quotations is an evidence of the reporter's deficiency in exact observation. In the sentence I have just written "haspirate," "hevery," "hother," "hevidence," and "hobservation" would be possible to an uneducated Englishman; an American journalist would attribute to him also "hexample" and "hexact," and in this would certainly be wrong. The London policeman himself could tell him that "h" is used for "hemphasis."—Yours faithfully,

H. W. H.

Notes.

A volume of Mr. James Bryce's personal estimates, entitled 'Biographical Sketches,' will be published directly by Macmillan. Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Freeman, Parnell, Cardinal Manning, Dean Stanley, Lord Acton are some of the figures in this portrait gallery.

Messrs. Scribner announce 'Across Coveted Lands, or a Journey from Flushing to Calcutta, Overland,' by A. H. Savage Landor; 'Biblical Quotations in Old English Prose Writers,' by Prof. A. S. Cook; and 'The Elements of Experimental Phonetics,' by Prof. Edward W. Scripture.

Doubleday, Page & Co. will add to their "New Nature Library" 'American Animals: A Popular and Intimate Guide to the Mammals of North America North of Mexico,' by Witmer Stone and William Everitt Cram, with six colored plates and more than 130 photographs from life.

Forthcoming from John Lane are 'Selected Poems,' by William Watson; 'The Triumph of Love: A Sonnet Sequence,' by Edmond Holmes; 'Later Lyrics,' by John B. Tabb; 'Poems from Wordsworth,' chosen and edited by T. Sturge Moore; and 'Sonnets of Ronsard'—the two last-named volumes from the Vale Press, and sumptuously made.

A. C. Armstrong & Son announce 'John Mackenzie, South African Missionary and Statesman,' by Prof. W. Douglas Mackenzie; and 'The Story of the Martyr Isle, Erromanga,' by John Fraser, LL.D.

From the Outlook Co. will proceed George Kennan's 'Tragedy of Mt. Pelée'; 'From Grieg to Brahms,' by Daniel Gregory Mason; and 'Religious Life in America,' by Ernest Hamlin Abbott, a book of personal observation and travel.

'A Tour in Mexico,' by Mrs. James Edwin Morris, and 'Ruskin's Mornings in Florence,' by Margaret Baker, are in preparation by the Abbey Press.

A book is to be made of the articles on the 'Trees and Shrubs of Prospect Park' contributed to the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* by Louis Harman Peet, who will be his own publisher.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will add to their "American Men of Letters" series a Life of Prescott the historian, by Rollo Ogden.

'Barbizon Days,' by Prof. Charles Sprague Smith, is in the press of A. Wessels Co. It deals with Millet, Rousseau, Corot, and Barye.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, will issue directly 'Franklin's Educational Ideal,' prepared by David E. Cloyd.

From John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, we are to have 'The Lords Baltimore and the Maryland Palatinate,' six lectures by Clayton L. Hall.

William Briggs, Toronto, will publish Mr. Henry James Morgan's 'Types of Canadian Women and of Women Connected with Canada, Past and Present,' portraits and biographies, in two volumes.

It was in Boston that Samuel Lover landed in September, 1846, on his sole visit to this country, and a six-volume reissue of his works is appropriately made in that city by Little, Brown & Co. Mr. James Jeffrey Roche contributes an introduction more biographical than critical; but then, Lover is a writer whom one cannot approach in a critical mood, so attractive is his genial personality. He is wholly in character in his modest preface to the volume of his poems, which descend to a non-singing age (as compared with his). He has occasion there to explain the difference between songs made for singing and others—like Byron's, Milton's, even Shelley's, as contrasted with Burns's and Moore's. Lover's dramas form another volume, the 'Legends' a third, and the chief novels eke out the remainder of the set. There are frontispiece illustrations, including a portrait, and some of Lover's own designs are found in the 'Legends.' Perhaps the most interesting thing in Mr. Roche's story is the fact that a daughter of Lover's is still living, the mother of our well-known conductor and composer, Victor Herbert, whose musical gift greatly surpasses his grandfather's, and of a half-German actor, who hands down another trait of Samuel Lover's versatile talent. This edition is handsomely got up and brand new.

'The Struggle for a Continent' (Little, Brown & Co.) is an abridgment of Parkman in one volume, which has been made by Dr. Pelham Edgar of Victoria College, Toronto. It would obviously be fatuous for an editor to take Parkman's facts and compress them in his own words. According to such an arrangement, altogether too much would be sacrificed for the sake of giving a consecutive, unbroken story. Dr. Edgar employs the alternative method of condensation. The passages chosen are cited in the *ipsissima verba* of the original, and connecting links of narrative, placed within brackets, are supplied by the editor. The source of each excerpt is carefully noted, and, as a rule, the passages are sufficiently long to do the author justice. It may be doubted whether one who was unfamiliar with the general history of New France would be able, even with the aid of Dr. Edgar's connecting links, to seize all the main features of the struggle by mastering the contents of the present volume. Few readers, however, will fail to have some preliminary knowledge of the subject, and those who are unable to buy a complete set of Parkman's works will find these selections much better than nothing. The appearance of the book is attractive, and the text is accompanied by numerous half-tone illustrations.

The Rev. Edgerton R. Young, for years a missionary to the Indians in the region of Winnipeg Lake and the Red River of the North, presents in the little volume entitled 'My Dogs in the Northland' (Fleming H. Revell Co.) some account of the sledge dogs he has known. There is room for a book which shall tell us about dogs, harness, and sledges, and the art of transportation in a country without roads or artificial shelter for the traveller. It is somewhat strange that among the many who have had to do with travel in the wintry north, no one has yet written such a book. To do it well would be no trifling task, and when well done it would be not only interesting to the curious reader, but a solid contribution to ethnology and the psychology of domesticated animals. Unfortunately, the book under consideration is little more than pleasant gossip about a few particular Newfoundland dogs or mongrels. Some of the stories are very remarkable, and yet are told in a way that leaves one questioning how much that is not canine has been unconsciously attributed to the beasts under discussion. It is much the same as the case of the nurse and her smiling infant—a question of interpretation. However, the somewhat fragmentary yarns are pleasantly spun and may well serve to pass an idle hour.

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Dr. C. W. Larisun's 'Hwot iz the Sol? Haz the Dog a Sol?' (Ringoes, N. J.; Fonic Publishing House), is a discussion in the form of a colloquy between the author and his students regarding the life principle. Like all the later writings of this estimable physician and instructor, it is printed in the phonetic type devised by himself, together with some syntactical and verbal eccentricities soon mastered and not troublesome. Indeed, one quickly learns to read the strange page fluently. The argument embraces something of Dr. Larisun's autobiography having a psychological aspect, and introduces other experiences of a kindred nature. His ante-Darwinian idea is that the Creator, in order to differentiate the species, "created the primordial life-principle of the members of every species different"; and "the psyche of an animal of some species possesses faculties which are not parts of the psyche of animals of other species."

Mr. Edward Robins's 'Romances of Early America' (Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.) is a réchauffé consisting of twelve chapters, beginning with such well-worn themes as the Mischianza and the love of Agnes Surriage for Sir Charles Frankland, and traversing the love affairs of Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, as well as of Edwin Forrest—a personage we find difficulty in associating with "Early America." In fact, the scope of the book does not extend back of the eighteenth century. The compiler's style is above the average of that commonly met with in works of this class. The portraits and views are not too well printed.

'The Romance of Old New England Roof-trees,' by Mary C. Crawford (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.), admits itself to be a case of book-making, and thus throws itself on the mercy of the public. The author has collected a number of illustrations, showing houses that have histories, and has retold the stories that go with the houses. Some of the stories are hardly worth preserving, and the same may be said of the houses; but if there is a "real need," as the foreword says, for an illustrated collection of these tales, this book seems adapted to meet it.

We cannot particularly congratulate Miss Jane Barlow upon her last work, 'The Founding of Fortunes' (London: Methuen & Co.; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.), as a novel. As a delineator of the ways of speech of the less English-educated of the people of Ireland, the author is inimitable. In this respect the present book falls behind none of its predecessors. But the story does not run smoothly, and the characters are somewhat wooden. It impresses us as the work of one who has lived more in her own thoughts than in the world, and still one wonders how the language likely to have been used in circumstances such as she has probably never experienced, strikes the reader as so true to nature. Occasionally, we have come upon passages not easy to understand, *e. g.*, page 101: "Hanmer became aware, in some scarcely definable way, that there was about them both the sort of uncommonness due to an impersonal attitude towards things in general, quite compatible with a most strenuous grasp of practical affairs, but not with a voluntary subjection to irrelevant trivialities." The book is written in a sympathetic spirit towards the position in which large numbers of the peasantry of Ireland find themselves.

We can heartily commend to all instructors in English a little volume entitled 'Freshman English and Theme-Correcting in Harvard College' (Silver, Burdett & Co.). It is the joint production of C. T. Copeland, lecturer on English literature, and H. M. Rideout, instructor in English. Their own literary skill is attested by the readableness of their exposition, in which a pleasant humor finds a natural vent. Thus, at the close of the course "English A," freshmen are asked to pass judgment on it; and our authors, following their practice of quoting examples of illustrative productions, give one which pronounces it "dull and uninteresting." Their comment is: "This, by the way, is less discouraging to instructors because, when compared with any of the writer's earlier work, it shows a distinct gain in structure. If he has got nothing else from his practice, he has learned to complain more effectively." The first fortnightly theme elicits an autobiography, of practical use to instructors; the three-hour talks are contrived to range from composition into ethics—to the advantage of the students, as witness the admirable extract from Dean Briggs on page 27. Daily themes, translation, letter-writing, fiction are the chief instrumentalities, together with *pastiche*, or the doubtful discipline in deliberate imitation of stylists. Poetical drill hardly exists, we judge. The authors rightly think that Harvard's experience is profitable for smaller institutions, for classes and for individuals.

For the excellent revision of Cotton's seventeenth-century translation of "Montaigne" (Scribners) in four fine library volumes, readers are indebted to the indefatigable Mr. William C. Hazlitt, whose labors have consisted chiefly in the correction of numerous errors of detail, and in improving many renderings vaguely or ambiguously given in the original version. Cotton's slightly archaic diction and phrasing unquestionably bring out the flavor of Montaigne's style with a smack that would disappear in a conventional modern dilution. Mr. Hazlitt consequently has confined himself to improvement, and has nowhere, so far as we have observed, completely recast a telling sentence. Familiar essays, such as those on Books, on Some Verses of Vergil, on a Custom of the Isle of Cea, etc., are very faithfully represented here. In the "Apologie de Raimond Sebond" we note a number of changes that give greater coherence to involved meanings; but the translations of classical quotations occasionally err in the direction of excessive paraphrasing.

M. Hippolyte Buffenoir's 'Les Charmettes et J.-J. Rousseau' (Paris: Paul Cornuau) is a provincial's account of a visit to the home of Mme. de Warens. It is rather a rhapsody than the study it professes to be, but is the latest report of the condition of this singularly preserved monument of a frail woman and a great genius. Some plates accompany the little brochure, including portraits and a view of Rousseau's room; the exterior view of the house might well have been photographic instead of from an old print. Our author cites good botanical authority for the contention that the venerable "jasmin de Virginie," or trumpet creeper, which covers the garden side of Les Charmettes, dates from the 18th century, and perhaps from the occupancy of Jean Jacques.

The September number of the *Gulf States Historical Magazine*, published at Montgomery, Ala., contains seven letters from John C. Calhoun to Senator and Judge Charles Tait, a cousin of Henry Clay and a Virginian who lived both in Georgia and in Alabama. They were written in the period 1820-21, and are a substantial addition to the volume of Calhoun's correspondence edited by Professor Jameson. Calhoun here shows himself, after two visits to the North, Boston included, unwilling to believe, in spite of the Missouri controversy, that the Northern public was disposed to enter on a contest with the South for supremacy. His moderation is very noticeable. The letters are copied verbatim, and the word "indispensible" occurs consistently so spelt in almost every letter. By an oversight on page 100, line 11, "revenue" is printed "reverence." On page 128 is a list of Louisiana newspaper files in the Library of Congress. The director of the new Mississippi Department of History and Archives announces the acquisition of the "complete muster and payrolls, with detailed historical facts, of the troops furnished by the State of Mississippi to the army of the Confederate States."

The conclusion of Mr. Worthington C. Ford's "John Quincy Adams and the Monroe Doctrine" gives especial interest to the October number of the *American Historical Review*. "That such a man [as Monroe] could have stood up against Europe alone is inconceivable," he concludes; "and there was no person in the Cabinet except Adams who would have given him support in such measure." Worth reading and pondering, also, is Mr. Carl R. Fish's study of "Lincoln and the Patronage." While showing that that President had not attained the highest position in the matter, Mr. Fish is sure "that he never abused, and apparently never used, the patronage for personal aggrandizement," and believes he might have welcomed appointment by examinations. An inedited letter of Alexander H. Stephens in 1854 is a confidential review of his political career. The question of Cuba was then a burning one. Stephens was in favor of repealing laws which hindered filibustering, but was "against Cuba's becoming a *negroe state*."

The bibliography of the geographical literature of the year 1901, published as the September number of the *Annales de Géographie* and the eleventh of the series, contains the titles of more than a thousand publications, Government reports, and papers in scientific journals and the proceedings of societies, in fourteen different languages. In most instances, the editor, M. Louis Raveneau, and his fifty-five collaborators, of various nationalities, have added explanatory and critical notes in French. The list is classified according to subjects and countries, with numerous cross-references and an index of about two thousand names of travellers and authors whose works have been recorded and analyzed. It is worthy of note that our Government reports have received fuller and more detailed notice than those of any other country.

—The November *Century* opens brilliantly with a series of seven color pictures, by Maxfield Parrish, illustrating various features of "the great Southwest." An "open

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letter" from Mr. Parrish makes an interesting comparison of the color effects of Southwestern scenery with those of New England. The atmosphere of Arizona and New Mexico has not moisture enough to color the light as it passes through, and give the gilding and richness often seen in New England, nor is the intense blue of the New England sky seen in the Southwest. The color of the Southwest is inherent in the things themselves; the rocks, hills, and sands presenting a bewildering variety of reds, ochres, blacks, blues, grays, and purples. John Muir describes in his happy way the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, in whose sides "hundreds of Yellowstones might be eroded without noticeably augmenting its size or the richness of its sculpture." Here at least is one natural feature of our country which the hand of man can never have the power to make common or unclean. "The So-called Beef Trust," by George Buchanan Fife, begins a series of articles on "The Great Business Combinations of To-day." It is of especial interest in its details of the actual processes of the great packing-houses, the economy of labor, the careful utilization of by-products, etc., which make it so hard for the small concern to compete. The packer's side of the recent high prices for beef is given at some length, and apparently accepted by the writer, though he does not attempt to deny or conceal the power for evil in such combinations and the necessity for official supervision and restraint. The "Confessions of a Wife" come to an end with a heroic halo around the head of each one of the three persons chiefly concerned, and perhaps the reader may as well unite with them in forgetting the hysterical foolishness which made the tragical part of the story possible. It remains for the critics to decide upon the claim that a really great book has been built up on the corner-stone of that foolishness.

—A posthumous paper by John Fiske, on "Evolution and the Present Age," is the most attractive among the serious papers of the November *Harper's*. The depression of Darwin and elevation of Herbert Spencer is its characteristic leading feature. Harry De Windt describes a trip of more than eleven thousand miles through Siberia, to Bering Strait, with the usual incidents of monotonous wastes of snow, villages of stupid and squalid natives, privations of hunger and cold, worn-out sledge dogs, etc. Claiming an experience of Russian prisons dating from 1887, and a personal acquaintance with almost every penal establishment in Siberia, he asserts the belief that the Russian criminal exile is in most respects better off than the convict of other countries. Of the lot of political exiles he speaks not so favorably, yet much more mildly than many who have treated the subject for American readers. Frederic G. Kenyon, of the Department of Manuscripts in the British Museum, gives a brief but very instructive account of the manuscript tradition of the Bible. The "Easy Chair" discusses George Eliot as presented in Leslie Stephen's biography and in W. C. Brownell's essay in "Victorian Prose Masters," leaning rather towards Mr. Brownell's criticism, as "kinder, imbued with a tenderer intelligence, and freed to a fuller expression of its kindness regarding a woman whom Americans can judge more clearly and more justly through their like social and religious tradition than Englishmen."

—President Hyde of Bowdoin opens the *Atlantic* with a discussion of "The New Ethics." One finds it hard to pick out anything really new in the positions taken. Many of them are easily paralleled from ancient literature, sacred and profane. Writing of "The Book in the Tenement," Elizabeth McCracken records some examples of keen criticism and delicate appreciation in literary matters among the tenement-house people with whom she has associated in her work. A scrub-woman who had read 'The Talisman,' 'Kenilworth,' 'The Scottish Chiefs,' 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' and 'The Pride of Jennico' with interest, asked to borrow Ibsen's 'Ghosts.' In less than a day she returned it. She had found by experiment that it began gloomy and ended gloomy, and she had enough gloom in her life without going to Ibsen for it. A girl who had read 'The Christian' pronounced it unhealthy because of its exaggeration. When it was suggested that exaggeration does not necessarily make a book unhealthy, she replied: "Not when it's straight, but 'The Christian' is twisted; it calls things what they aren't, and doesn't call them what they are. And then it makes them bigger—till, altogether, you get so mixed up you can't tell one thing from another." Another read 'The Lady of the Aroostook,' but did not enjoy it. "It was like sitting and looking out of a window." "But that is a very interesting thing to do," suggested Miss McCracken. "Not when nothing is happening," was the decisive reply. Prof. Charles H. Moore writes a suggestive paper on "Modern Artistic Handicraft," calling special attention to the wrong ideas of design which ruin so much well-intended work, and to the general lack of intelligent interest which makes it impossible even for the best workmen to find an adequate market for their wares. The *Atlantic* is fortunate in its ability to announce for next year the autobiography of J. T. Trowbridge and a series of reminiscences by Leslie Stephen.

—The November *Scribner's* devotes two-thirds of its space to fiction. Julia Magruder, Margaret Sherwood, Edith Wharton, Sewell Ford, and F. J. Stimson contribute short stories, and J. M. Barrie brings to its conclusion "The Little White Bird." James B. Connolly turns from his capital sea stories for a study "In the Paths of Immigration," with illustrations by J. M. Burns. Curtis Guild, jr., writes of "The Spellbinder," but comes far short of justifying his contention that the stump-speaker has gained rather than lost in influence during recent times. Perhaps the lack of proof is partly responsible for his assignment of those who entertain a different opinion to that dreadful class "whose vociferous censure of all men in political life is only less marked than their own abstention from the simplest political duties of the American citizen." Winthrop L. Marvin contributes a mournful plea for a generous fillip of American prosperity, from the Treasury vaults, to the subsidy-hungry American merchant marine. Gen. John B. Gordon's reminiscences of the civil war, and a series of articles on the various departments of the United States Government, are the most notable announcements for the coming year.

—An interesting announcement comes from Mr. Edward Dalziel, the last surviving member of the original and once famous firm of wood-engravers known as the Dalziel Brothers, whose firm autobiography we lately reviewed. Few names are as prominent in the history of English illustration in the "sixties." It was chance, perhaps, that produced just at the right moment a distinguished group of artists willing and eager to work in black and white: Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Millais, Sandys, Boyd Houghton, Pinwell, Fred Walker, Keene, among many others. But the Messrs. Dalziel gave them the necessary encouragement, not only by engraving their work on wood as well as it could then be engraved, but by giving them, in the first place, the commission for the work. The engravers were thus brought into close and often delightful relations with the illustrators, and the Memoirs of George and Edward Dalziel showed how much interesting material remained in their hands as a result of this friendly business relationship. Shortly after that book appeared, Mr. George Dalziel died. But before his death he had planned, with his brother Edward, the publication now announced. It consists of a limited edition of India-paper proofs of Millais's drawings for the Parables of Our Lord, one of the Dalziel books now most valued by collectors. Millais contributed twenty drawings to the series, and when the volume was produced in 1864 the Dalziels had fifty proofs of these drawings pulled on India paper, but, for one reason or another, never issued them to the public, so that they are now published for the first time. With them are reproduced in facsimile twenty letters from Millais, touching upon the 'Parables' and other work he did for and with the Dalziels. "We feel," they say, "that the criticisms and remarks made in these letters furnish another proof of what is very dear to us—that a competent wood-engraver, with favorable surroundings, was capable of satisfying to the fullest extent, in his reproduction, the competent draughtsman." The competent draughtsman, it is true, sometimes thought differently, and, in the case of Rossetti, said so very plainly. But still, there can be no question of the fine and important work done by the Dalziels. Nor can it be denied that Millais's masterpieces are to be found among his designs in black-and-white, and that in this medium he never did anything to surpass the 'Parables.' The volume is issued privately from the Camden Press in London, and the price is ten guineas.

—A very interesting pamphlet on 'Ancestor-Worship and Japanese Law' (Tokio: Z. P. Maruya & Co.), by Prof. N. Hozumi of the law department of the Imperial University of Tokio, gives an inside view by a native of the forces which have made Japanese civilization. The learned barrister treats of ancestor-worship in its origin and as the chief factor in primitive man's social life. In Japan he notes three kinds of worship—of imperial, clan, and family ancestors. In his third division, he looks at the subject in relation to the modern codes of law, discussing in this light the Government, Constitution, the people, the house, marriage, divorce, adoption, dissolution of adoption, and succession. He holds that the worship of the imperial ancestors is the national religion and the basis and sanction of the Constitution of 1889, and

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that "the influence of European civilization has done nothing to shake the firm-rooted customs of ancestor-worship." The little book is terse in style and informing in content; yet, after all, it is a curious illustration of mental inversion, as showing how little the training of the Middle Temple, which makes a barrister, can equip a judicial critic or historian. As matter of fact, it cannot be proved, as asserted on page 12, that "the primeval religion of the country" was ancestor-worship (at least in the sense of the Chinese or modern Shinto system); or that Japan has any history "that dates back more than two thousand five hundred years"; while, as simple matter of fact, the once highest Department—that of Worship (Council of Gods and Men)—was abolished a generation ago, and the people's representatives in the Imperial Diet have voted down every attempt of the Conservatives to restore it. Despite the family consultation and expressions of filial regard in the graveyards, both custom and sentiment in regard to the political nature of ancestor-worship are weakening. The steady trend of the nation is in the direction of democracy. Outside the palace, all the functions of government are in the line of secular order and justice.

BOOKS ON ART.

The Study and Criticism of Italian Art. Second Series. By Bernhard Berenson. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1902.

Fra Angelico. By J. B. Supino. Translated by Leader Scott. Florence: Alinari Brothers; New York: Lemcke & Buechner. 1902.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, His Life and Art. By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, F.S.A. (The British Artists' Series.) London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1902.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A. By Robert Chignell. (Makers of British Art.) London: Walter Scott Publishing Co.; New York: Scribners. 1902.

Jean François Millet, His Life and Letters. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady). London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 1902.

Modern Mural Decoration. By A. Lys Baldry. London: George Newnes; New York: Scribners. 1902.

Chefs d'Œuvre of the Exposition Universelle. Parts 18 to 25. Philadelphia: George Barrie & Son.

Mr. Berenson's second collection of scattered papers of art study and art criticism is, on the whole, more interesting than the first. It contains nothing so daringly fantastic as his creation of "Amico di Sandro," but, on the other hand, it contains what we are inclined to think the greatest real achievement of modern connoisseurship—the taking from Perugino, and the giving to Lo Spagna, of the Caen "Sposalizio." Whether or not the picture was really painted by the latter artist we neither know nor greatly care, but that it was *not* painted by Perugino, and that it was the imitation rather than the original of Raphael's "Sposalizio," seems to be proved. Mr. Berenson's talent for criticism, as distinguished from connoisseurship, is shown to the best advantage in the article on Renaissance churches.

The unimportance of the questions with which the modern connoisseur often deals is as noticeable in the rest of the volume as in the former collection, and the reason of it is indicated in the concluding paper, on "The Rudiments of Connoisseurship." This article, which is now printed for the first time, "was written more than eight years ago, as the first section of a book on the 'Methods of Constructive Art Criticism' "; but the abstract discussion of method was abandoned in favor of a concrete example, and Lorenzo Lotto was selected as the subject, "more for his excellence as an illustration of Method, than for his actual achievements." The result was disappointing, for, says Mr. Berenson, "although this work, in a special introduction, in the introductory paragraphs to each chapter, and here and there throughout, speaks of Method, yet, to my no small astonishment, not a single reviewer of either the first or second edition has made the slightest reference to the general theory on which the book is based." Either Mr. Berenson's memory plays him false, or he did not see the review of the first edition published in these columns, for his method and his manner of applying it were much more interesting to us than his subject. This more formal statement of that method—we need not, with Mr. Berenson, give it a big M—is, however, welcome and worth a little discussion.

It begins with the statement that "the materials for the historical study of art are of three kinds: (1) Contemporary documents, (2) Tradition, (3) The works of art themselves." And these three kinds of materials are taken up seriatim. Documents, Mr. Berenson contends, really prove nothing. A contract may never have been carried out, or may have been only partially carried out, by the artist who made it; a signature may have been forged or attached to a work really executed by pupils. Such a description of a work of art as will serve really to identify it is impossible, as the description would serve equally well for a bad copy as for the original. In fact, "in no case adduced is the document in art sufficient proof by itself of authenticity or authorship. The document always needs to be confirmed by connoisseurship." Tradition, of course, is of even less value, and "in no case is it to be pitted against documentary facts or the scientific deductions of the connoisseur." We are left, then, to the conclusion that the only means of determining authorship is by the study of the works themselves. "Connoisseurship is based on the assumption that perfect identity of characteristics indicates identity of origin. . . . To isolate the characteristics of one artist, we take all his works of undoubted authenticity, and we proceed to discover those traits that invariably recur in them but not in the works of other masters." Here is the initial difficulty. If documents and tradition are of no worth, how can there be any "works of undoubted authenticity" to examine? Connoisseurship is left with a free hand to examine everything, and should, logically, accept nothing. It might divide works of art into groups, each group presumably by the same hand; but it has no right to put names to them. That there ever was an artist named Titian is matter of document and tradition, and, in his clearing away of all other material than the work of art itself, Mr. Berenson has left connoisseurship in the air, with no foundation whatever.

However, recognizing somehow that authentic pictures exist, what are the characteristics we are to look for? "Types, general tone, composition and technique" are ruled out as characteristic of schools rather than individuals; we must examine the details, "bearing in mind, to start with, that the less necessary the detail in question is for purposes of obvious expression [*i. e.*, the more unimportant it is], the less consciously will it be executed, the more by rote, the more likely to become stereotyped, and therefore characteristic." Hence we have a series of tests which rank in nearly inverse ratio to their importance:

"The most applicable: the ears, the hands, the folds, the landscape.

"The less applicable: the hair, the eyes, the nose, the mouth.

"The least applicable: the cranium, the chin, the structure and movement in the human figure, the architecture, the color and the chiaroscuro."

But these tests are more applicable to insignificant artists than to great ones, because the great ones are more likely to be imitated or copied. So we have this statement in italics: "*The value of those tests which come nearest to being mechanical is inversely as the greatness of the artist. The greater the artist, the more weight falls on the question of quality in the consideration of the work attributed to him.*" Here is the reason, very clearly stated, why modern connoisseurship concerns itself so largely with attributions which may possibly be true if important, for the "sense of quality" cannot be taught or reasoned about: it is just what artists have always judged by, though sneered at for so judging. The more important the question to be solved, the less aid "Method" gives in its solution, and the more we fall back on that personal artistic sense which existed before "Method" was heard of.

Supino's 'Fra Angelico' takes the conventional view of the artist-saint, and is far from being as important a contribution to art history and art criticism as Mr. Langton Douglas's book on the same subject, but it is a pretty little volume which many people will be glad to have. Its pocket size and flexible cover, of dark green crushed morocco, should make it a pleasant travelling companion, while its numerous small but clear illustrations, its eight photogravures, and its two color plates will cause it to be welcomed as a permanent souvenir. Though not to be taken too seriously as reproductions, these color plates are exceedingly dainty and attractive.

The best we can say of Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower's book on Reynolds is that he has chosen for illustration many comparatively unknown pictures by the master, some of which seem never before to have been reproduced; that he has generally used photographs from the paintings, and not engravings, and, where engravings are used, has clearly stated the fact; and that he has published for the first time Gainsborough's touching letter from his deathbed to Sir Joshua. For the rest, the text is of the usual, somewhat inconsequent, "year by year" kind, and contains some blunders and some strange extravagances of criticism.

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It may, possibly, be the fault of the printer that Reynolds's first portrait of himself should be stated in the text to have been drawn in his seventeenth year, while the list of illustrations and the title under the plate call it "Reynolds in his nineteenth year." Lord Ronald must himself be responsible for another error. He states that Reynolds at the age of seven made a drawing of the colonnade of Plympton Grammar School, which his father endorsed, "This is drawn by Joshua in school out of pure idleness." Unless Samuel Reynolds made precisely the same comment on two different drawings, the story is mistaken, for the drawing, with its inscription, is reproduced in the book, and is a rough and incorrect perspective sketch of a wall with a square, mullioned window in it, and contains nothing remotely resembling a colonnade. The author's lack of critical ability, and the extremes to which he is led by enthusiasm, are shown in such judgments as that Reynolds's portrait of Sterne "may take a place by the side of Velazquez's 'Innocent X.,'" and that "even Michael Angelo's 'Sibyls,' in the Sistine Chapel, are not more impressive" than Reynolds's "Mrs. Siddons," which "stands on a level with the greatest of artistic creations."

Mr. Chignell's 'Turner' is decidedly a better book than its predecessors in the series to which it belongs. If it contains little of significance as criticism of the artist, it at least succeeds reasonably in its aim of doing justice to the character of the man, and gives a more agreeable picture than that to which we have been accustomed. This is the first volume of the series to contain any apparatus of lists of pictures, etc. Its illustrations, like those of its fellows, are almost invariably reproduced from engravings, and without warning to that effect—to the discredit, we must say, of the London publishers.

The present edition of Mrs. Ady's 'Millet' seems to be an exact reprint, from the same plates, of that published in 1896, and reviewed by us at the time. We observe no other change than a new binding and a new date on the title-page, and there is no announcement that the book has ever appeared before. Whether or not this be considered quite fair practice, there is no occasion to repeat our former favorable comment on this excellent work.

Mr. Baldry's book gives a good deal of information as to the various technical methods employed in "Modern Mural Decorations," but his knowledge of its practice is evidently almost entirely confined to what has been done in England. The hundred-odd illustrations include a few Italian frescoes; a few paintings by Puvis de Chavannes, one of which, said to be in the Sorbonne, is really at Amiens; a ceiling from the Paris Opera-house, falsely attributed to Baudry, who had nothing to do with it; Vedder's design, not mentioned in the text, for the great mosaic in the Library of Congress; and perhaps a score of miscellaneous pieces of work, ancient and modern, some of which are by artists unknown or not named. All the rest is English. This is of the less importance as the book deals with processes rather than results, and scarcely attempts criticism; but the work may be said to be calculated for the longitude of Greenwich.

The last eight parts of the 'Chefs d'Œuvre of the Exposition Universelle' deal with the architecture of the Exposition, the Retrospective Exhibition, etc. As far as they deal with modern work they do not greatly modify the somewhat depressing effect of the earlier numbers. The few plates of really beautiful objects are of old French furniture, the quality of which must have proved food for thought to the devotees of the "new art."

POOR-LAW RELIEF IN ENGLAND.—II.

Public Relief of the Poor. Six Lectures. by Thomas Mackay. London: John Murray. 1901.

The Early History of English Poor-Relief. By E. M. Leonard. Cambridge (Eng.) University Press; New York: Macmillan. 1900.

Mr. Mackay's treatise raises historical, political, and moral questions which are of much more than merely local interest. They concern in one sense every civilized country; they have a direct and immediate importance for every state which has inherited or been influenced by the traditions of the Elizabethan poor-law. Is pauperism, as Mr. Mackay in substance maintains, a survival, and a disastrous survival, of feudalism? Has the poor-law been, speaking broadly, a source of mere evil to England? These closely connected inquiries must be answered in the main by historical investigation, but by investigation or research aided and controlled by rigid economic reasoning. We cannot ourselves doubt that the reply given by Mr. Mackay is as nearly sound as can be any summary answer to a complex problem. "Pauperism"—a different thing from poverty—is a survival. The philanthropists of the sixteenth century were, like many philanthropists before and since, unconscious reactionists. To meet immediate and patent evils, they fell back on modes of action which were becoming obsolete, and resuscitated in a new form the evils of the feudal system.

"The message of feudalism to the poor man . . . was: Serve here, and maintenance will be forthcoming. Then the Poor-Law, addressing itself to the laborer emerging from this shell of servitude, varied the injunction, declaring: 'Remain here where you are, and as you are, and the parish must maintain you.' This policy obstructed the true exodus of the people, and created a monstrous growth of population impervious to the distributing force of the economic motive, and threatening the moral and financial ruin of the nation."

The nature of the evil wrought ought to be clearly understood. It was and is "the resolute proletariate habit, characteristically adopted by certain classes, which effectually prevents them from acquiring property, and, what is perhaps equally important, from acquiring the instincts of property." To those who meditate on the melancholy and profound truth of this statement it is a certain comfort to learn from Miss Leonard that "the survival of the English system of poor-relief is owing to the organization which was . . . created by the Book of Orders of 1631": pauperism is the most fatal legacy bequeathed to England by the despotism of Charles I.

Yet while it is clear that Mr. Mackay in no way exaggerates the evils of a system which has created the status of pauperism, it may admit of doubt whether our author does not overlook two circumstances which, while they do not affect the validity of his practical conclusions, diminish the soundness of his historical estimate of institutions which he rightly perceives to have produced immense evils. The existence and the maintenance of the English poor-law is in part explained by its having from time to time produced two beneficial effects which were sure to attract the attention of statesmen. The certainty of receiving poor-relief did, we may well believe, mitigate, for a short period at any rate, the sufferings of laborers whenever changes in the course or character of trade threw large numbers of men out of employment, and thus reduced them to destitution without any fault on their own part. It is at any rate possible to imagine a state of things where temporary support might be rightly given at the public expense to a large class who were really unable to obtain employment. The sternest of economists must have felt that, during the cotton famine produced by the war of secession, the manly and independent artisans of Lancashire deserved, as they received, aid from public benevolence which, under the circumstances, was only another name for national justice. Security, further, against starvation has, it may be conjectured, been at several crises one cause of the patience with which the English poor have borne want. Would it have been possible to continue the desperate contest against Napoleonic tyranny if the mass of the English poor had felt, whether rightly or not, that the prolongation of the war might mean to many of them actual death? There is no reason to suppose that Frenchmen are a whit less benevolent than Englishmen, but the French workman, though he may depend on the kindness of his neighbors, has not an absolute legal right to support; the resulting dread of starvation has been one cause of revolution.

Does the abolition of the legal right to poor-relief admit of moral justification? This is an ethical inquiry to which Mr. Mackay's whole essay supplies an unhesitating answer. The moral justification for the abolition of a poor-law such as that which exists in England is, and has long been, ample. No moralist of whatever school can maintain that it is right to support institutions which are in the main productive of physical and moral evil. The poor-law undermines the independence of the poor; it has done a great deal to break down in England that sense of mutual responsibility which forms the basis of family life; it hampers at every turn the growth of that system of free exchange of services which is the basis of all that is best in modern society. The suffering, moreover, which the curtailment or the abolition of the poor-law would create is, we may feel sure, immensely exaggerated.

On this point the experiment of 1834 is decisive. The able-bodied laborers of England were daily sinking deeper and deeper into pauperism; parish relief was looked upon as a form of legitimate and supplemental wages; the New Poor-Law did, by the free use of the workhouse test, put an end, as regarded able-bodied laborers, to the receipt of relief. To a great part of the population this change was as sudden as it was hateful; yet this social revolution, which produced profound discontent, caused, as Mr. Mackay shows, far less of suffering than might have been expected. The fetters which had checked the ener-

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gies of the laboring class were struck off, and men who had been accustomed to rely on the help of the parish found that when this aid was withdrawn they could help themselves. The alleged surplus of laborers in some instances merely walked into the next parish, the pressure in the parish of Broadacre was relieved, and the landowners in the parish of Whiteacre found themselves supplied with the labor they had long needed; and, under the system of free exchange, the quality of the work rendered underwent a marvellous transformation. "'In old days,' said a farmer, 'I would have given money to keep that man off my land; now he gives me a good day's work for a good day's pay, and I would gladly employ a dozen such.'" The experience of 1834 is, as we have said, decisive. The dictates of public morality not only justify, but, were it politically possible, demand the abolition of the English poor-law.

Is it possible to abolish the English poor-law? This is a question of politics, and, we may be sure, would receive from any statesman, however high-principled, a negative answer. The only problem which even an economist could now consider as coming within the range of practical politics, is whether the time has not now arrived when the reform of 1834 may be carried to its legitimate conclusion by the absolute prohibition of outdoor relief. The reformers who framed the New Poor-Law certainly meant that, within a limited time, the distribution of outdoor relief should cease. They believed that its abolition would be a benefit to the country, and that within a few years the reality of this benefit would become so patent to all administrators of the poor-law that outdoor relief, if it existed at all, would be allowed only under exceptional circumstances which might possibly justify a temporary deviation from sound economical principles. Experience has shown conclusively that the supporters of the New Poor-Law were right in holding that outdoor relief worked nothing in the long run but evil, and that any guardians endowed with sufficient sagacity and vigor to apply the workhouse test with strictness, would relieve the ratepayers from a heavy poor-rate and confer benefit upon the industrious poor. It has further become patent that public charity and benevolence are ready to meet the exceptional hard cases of undeserved destitution which cannot be provided for by the rigid rules of a well-administered poor-law. The time, therefore, has clearly arrived when, if the making of laws depended upon the intelligence of enlightened statesmen, the distribution of outdoor relief ought to be abolished.

But it is certain that a most salutary reform is in this instance a political impossibility. The poor-law of 1834 was the best fruit of Benthamite philosophy, and of that transference of political power to the middle classes which made it possible for the English Parliament to pass laws based on the principles of utilitarianism. From 1834 to (say) 1865 it was at least conceivable that the Benthamite reform of the poor-law might be carried one step further. At the present moment progress in this direction is forbidden no less by the condition of public opinion than by the advance of democracy in England. Benthamite teaching, which, in the field at any rate of legislation, has worked nothing but good, has for the last forty or fifty years been the object of incessant attack. The sentimentalists of every class have succeeded in discrediting doctrines which they could not confute, and have in many cases produced results which they themselves deplore. They have insisted that men ought to trust their feelings rather than their common sense; and the English democracy which has since 1867 obtained predominant political influence, has learned with readiness a lesson which must from the nature of things be acceptable to the poor and the uneducated. Add to this that statesmen are constantly affected, and this without dishonesty, by the opinions and sentiments of the followers whom they nominally lead, but whose wishes they in reality obey. It is no accident that the central authority which for a long time aimed at inducing poor-law guardians to enforce the workhouse test, has, to speak in the very mildest language, relaxed their efforts in favor of a rigid administration of the poor-law.

Mr. Mackay is apparently a man of a hopeful disposition; his fervent belief in the truth of the doctrines of which he is an admirable exponent, makes it impossible for him to renounce the hope that they may obtain general acceptance. An unbiassed critic can hardly on this point be very sanguine. Still, Mr. Mackay points, and with reason, towards the possibility of one fundamental change in the administration of poor-relief. It may possibly become the concern not of small localities, but of the whole nation. If this event should ever take place, it must, it would seem, be accompanied by one of two results. Political leaders may attempt to make the liberal administration of the poor-law a means of obtaining popularity. It is difficult to see how such an attempt could lead to anything but infinite calamity. But it is also possible that some statesman or body of statesmen might be guided by a high conception of their duty to the country, and insist that when the relief of the poor is taken directly in hand by the nation, it shall, as the most ardent among the reformers of 1834 desired, be administered by experts according to fixed principles, and with the distinct object of putting an end to, or at least limiting the area of, pauperism. However this may be, one thing is certain: there is little likelihood that, at the present moment, the great reform of 1834 will be carried any nearer to its natural and legitimate conclusion.

LYALL'S TENNYSON.

Tennyson. By Sir Alfred Lyall, K.C.B. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co. 1902.

If this latest number of an extended series is not generally accorded a place in order of excellence high up with Sir Leslie Stephen's 'Johnson,' F. W. H. Myers's 'Wordsworth,' and Sidney Colvin's 'Landor,' it will not receive the honor it deserves. Many of the writers in this series have brought only a partial preparation to their work. But Sir Alfred Lyall, though probably the least known of these writers to the general public, is one of the best qualified of them all. He brings an equal intelligence to the form of Tennyson's work and to its spirit, and his criticism is conceived in the most admirable temper imaginable. There is no sign of any such patronizing airs as Mr. Herbert Paul's for Matthew Arnold, and, far back in the series, Trollope's for Thackeray. On the other hand, we have no monochromatic wash of indiscriminate admiration. Sir Alfred's preferences are strongly marked, but, where he is least attracted, he qualifies his dissent with so much deference that no devotee of Tennyson can take offence.

Mindful of the narrow limits fixed for him in advance, Sir Alfred is extremely parsimonious in his allotment of space to Tennyson's childhood, youth, and years at Cambridge. The 'Poems of Two Brothers' have six lines. It is said that they are "evidently drawn from wide miscellaneous reading," and show a promising metrical form, "with occasional signs of that descriptive faculty which matured so rapidly in Tennyson's later works." But the prize poem of 1829, "Timbuctoo," is "worth notice because it contains in embryo the qualities which emerge in his later verse." No wonder when the 'Poems Chiefly Lyrical' was published the next year, containing things, more than few, which time has not yet staled. It is significant that 'Poems 1830-1842' is the longest chapter in the book, nearly forty pages. It has less of chronological sequence than we could wish, and, especially, the line between the volumes of 1830 and 1833 is drawn quite invisibly. Here and there are long leaps of years one way or another, and such anticipations as where "Tithonus" (1860) is brought in with the "Ulysses" of 1842, and similarly the "Lucretius" of 1868. There is nothing to prevent the uninformed from supposing that both the "Tithonus" and "Lucretius" appeared in the volumes of 1842. Interesting comparisons are made between the poems of 1830 and the same as they reappeared in 1842. The changes were in the interest of compression and the elimination of the over-rich. Those in "Mariana in the South" are notably in evidence. Confession is made to Tennyson's indebtedness here to the critics in *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly*, who treated him with extreme severity, but put their fingers on the ailing spots. The *Quarterly* article (1839), which has generally been ascribed to Lockhart, is here credited to Kinglake of Crimean reputation.

Sir Alfred has no such indifference as FitzGerald to Tennyson's product after 1842, but he entirely agrees with him that Tennyson never surpassed the poems collected in the second of the two volumes of that year. Indeed, he calls "The Lady of Shalott," which was in the 1833 volume, "one of Tennyson's masterpieces, an example of his genius at a period when he had brought the form and conception of his poetry up to a point which he never afterward surpassed." To the "Ulysses" of the later issue is accorded the full measure of customary praise, and attention is called to the fact that Dante's suggestion of this poem was less positive than is generally represented. In the Dante episode, Ulysses had not reached home, but set out on his new cruise from Circe's island. Furthermore, Tennyson remembers to forget that Ulysses landed in Ithaca a solitary man, and had no old comrades to rally to new ventures. Wordsworth wrote to Tennyson that he had been endeavoring all his life to write a pastoral

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like "Dora" and had not succeeded. Tennyson would hardly have succeeded better in writing such a pastoral as Wordsworth's "Old Cumberland Beggar." But the difference of the two poets has humorous illustration in their contrasting estimates of Burns. Tennyson was enthusiastic over Burns's songs, and said, "You forget, for their sake, those stupid things, his serious pieces." Wordsworth, the same day, to Aubrey De Vere, praised Burns with even more warmth than Tennyson. "Of course," he said, "I refer to his serious efforts; those foolish little amatory songs of his one has to forget."

In a chapter on "The Princess" and "In Memoriam" the former is rightly praised as "a beautiful serio-comic story that has been treated over-seriously, not only by those who dislike playing with a subject which is for them a matter of hard and earnest argument, but also by others to whom the poem is 'the herald melody of the higher education of women.'" But we gladly leave this pleasant bay for the deep waters of "In Memoriam." Henry Sidgwick's elaborate letter in the Tennyson 'Memoir' Sir Alfred Lyall quotes with admiration, and he relates the elegy to the mid-nineteenth century very much in Professor Sidgwick's manner. From the author of that remarkable poem, "Theology in Extremis," we should expect perfect sympathy with Tennyson's engagement with the dark side of nature, so different from Wordsworth's rest in her majestic calm, and we have no disappointment prepared for us. Unsatisfied with the scientists and utilitarians, and disgusted with the dogmatists, Tennyson took refuge in a realm of transcendental intuition. The most novel suggestion of his latest biographer is that

> "Since not every one can be satisfied with subjective faith or lofty intuitions, it may be that the note of alarm sounded by 'In Memoriam' startled more minds than were reassured by the poet's final conviction that all is well
>
> 'tho' faith and form
> Be sundered in the night of fear.'

If, therefore, the poem strengthened in many the determination to go on trustfully, on the other hand there was an attitude of terror in the recoil from materialistic paths that lead to an abyss; and perhaps it may be so far counted among the influences which have combined to promote a retreat in the latter half of the nineteenth century toward the shelter of dogmatic beliefs and an infallible authority in matters of religion."

The Wellington Ode, universally depreciated when it appeared, is made to point the moral of the futility of contemporary praise and blame. The Lucknow poem is contrasted with "The Revenge" as showing the advantage of remoteness in a battle theme. "Maud" is rightly divided into its worse and better parts; and as between the "Idylls of the King" and "Enoch Arden" the preference is clearly for the modern poem. As for the "Idylls" we shall do well not to consider them too curiously. Tennyson did them needless injury when he invested them with a symbolic character. He did well to say that "there is no single fact or incident in the 'Idylls,' however seemingly mystical, which cannot be explained without any mystery or allegory whatever." The wise will take the hint, and yet not, by so doing, lose the large moral of "captive good attending captain ill," the misery of badness dragging down both good and bad in common wreck. It is plain, however, that Sir Alfred thinks that, for all the beauty of many parts and passages, Tennyson has detracted from the beauty of the Arthurian legends as husbanded by Sir Thomas Malory.

In a chapter on the Pastorals and Tennyson's Philosophy we have the deepest ploughing in the book, and it turns up a rich and fruitful soil. It is preëminently the poet of "Theology in Extremis" who comes, in this chapter, face to face with Tennyson's passionate cry for immortality, and his resolve that, without the assurance of such sequel, our own life and the life universal are utterly void of meaning or of worth. The biographer sees otherwise:

> "For it is the inevitability of death that gives a stimulus to life; and strenuous minds draw a motive for exertion, for working while the life lasts, from that very sense of the brevity of human existence and the uncertainty of what may be beyond which, although Tennyson fought it manfully, did undoubtedly haunt his meditations and depress the spirit of his later inspirations. . . . Yet in the four volumes of Jowett's 'Plato' which he received from the translator in 1871, he must have found—not only in the Dialogues, but also in Jowett's characteristic commentaries—that loftier conception of service in the cause of truth and humanity which can inspire men to go forward undauntedly, whatever may be their destiny beyond the grave."

The Plays have an interesting chapter. The insufficiency of the heroine is noted in "Queen Mary," the advantage of greater remoteness in "Harold," while for "Becket" we have the praise of J. R. Green, who said that all his researches into the annals of the twelfth century had not given him so vivid a conception of Henry II. as Tennyson's drama. That Tennyson was not barred from dramatic success by his dominant lyricism seems to be proved by the wonderful involution of Elizabethan dramas and lyrics. Tennyson is praised for his attempt and for the repression in his dramas of his propensity to ornament, so different from Swinburne's conduct of his "Bothwell."

The concluding chapter is made interesting by some tardy reference to Browning, which, however, the lovers of this poet will resent. For while Sir Alfred Lyall is far removed from those who would dismiss Tennyson with one of his own lines,

> "The form, the form alone, is eloquent,"

form counts with him for much, and Browning's lack of it costs him his right of succession in the direct line of the great English poets. It is possibly a defect of this admirable study that it softens the features and expression of the man too much for a portrait that should match the absolutely sincere criticism of the poet's work.

LOUNSBURY'S 'SHAKESPEARE AND VOLTAIRE.'

Shakespeare and Voltaire. By Thomas R. Lounsbury. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

The completely detailed history of the attitude and conduct of Voltaire in the international literary debate on the relative merits of the English and the French drama, which occupies so large a space in the annals of eighteenth-century critical literature, is here given for the first time. Chapters in Albert Lacroix's 'De l'Influence de Shakspeare sur le Théâtre Français' (1854-5), in Jusserand's more trustworthy and familiar 'Shakespeare en France' (1898), had broadly outlined the scheme of combat pursued by the indomitable fighter in defence of ideals which threatened to disappear for want of efficient support; it remained for Professor Lounsbury to retrace, point by point, in his addition to his series on "Shakespearean Wars," the various shifts, feints, ruses, and other insidious tactics which Voltaire permitted himself to employ in the professedly *bonne guerre* he conducted for more than forty years against the foreign invader. No reader tolerably familiar with Voltaire's methods of controversy requires to be told to-day that Benedictine-like accuracy of statement formed no part of his conception of a man of letters; his literary schooling had been received at the hands of another order. Professor Lounsbury, in the true spirit of a *Gelehrter*, takes infinite pains to show that, during the whole dispute, Shakspere's meaning, spirit, and text were frequently misunderstood or deliberately misconstrued by the unswerving champion of classicism. The volume consequently reads like a laborious indictment of Voltaire's literary character, supported by the documentary evidence of the 'Lettres sur les Anglais,' the preface to "Sémiramis," the two Appeals to the Nations of Europe, the Commentaries on Corneille, and the two famous Letters to the French Academy, besides the corroborative testimony of private correspondence.

With the initial contention of this carefully sifted record, it would be difficult to take issue. Professor Lounsbury holds that Voltaire's attitude remained fundamentally unchanged during this passionate controversy; it was his language and tone that increased in acerbity and virulence against the spread of Anglomania. The most cursory comparison of the early 'English Letters' (1733) with the great pronouncements to the Academy (1776) puts this beyond question. In both cases, the Shaksperean plays are characterized in terms of contempt for their truly unclassical want of rigid form and restraint, but with the redeeming clause that admits their genius.

It is perhaps less easy to agree with our critic in some of his subsequent positions. In making out an undeniably strong case, he dwells, here and there, insistently on points of really minor importance, and thus unwittingly diverts his readers' attention from the real issue at stake. Among Voltaire's many utterances on "Hamlet," the oftenest-quoted is the celebrated tirade occurring in the prefatory dissertion to "Sémiramis," which contains the *épouvantail* phrase of the "drunken savage." To characterize the brief summary in which Voltaire jotted down the features that seemed to him to warrant that uncivil designation, as marked with "gross blunders" (p. 144), is to overstate the case; for, after all, without purporting to be in any sense an adequate synopsis of the plot, that description indicates the very elements that clashed with the ideals of French tragedy. It is significant that, both before and after Voltaire, two such apparently independent critics as Saint-Évremond and the Abbé Le Blanc should, at a distance of nearly seventy years, have said virtually the same thing; the latter, indeed, finding precisely the same fault with the "misérables plaisanteries" on the part of the grave-diggers. Voltaire, as every one

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knows, gave a detailed analysis of "Hamlet" in his Appeal to the Nations, the inaccuracies of which it is easy to exaggerate; there is not a single poetical play in existence but would suffer in the same measure when reduced to the uncompromising baldness of a prose "argument." To the higher poetic qualities of Shaksperean imagination and diction, Voltaire, like so many Frenchmen (and Englishmen) of his own time, must have remained permanently obtuse. Indeed, it is not long since that a Frenchman exceptionally conversant with English was heard to describe "A Midsummer Night's Dream" with the uncomplimentary term *charabia*.

The charge, frequently brought against Voltaire during his own lifetime and minutely substantiated in this work, of having made use of Shaksperean materials without sufficient acknowledgment or with accompanying detraction from the merit of their inventor, is not to be rebutted. The ethics of play-writing are, however, by no means a formulated code; and the very practice here inveighed against had been almost universally adopted by English dramatists of that period in dealing with the work of their French contemporaries. Prof. A. W. Ward (Eng. Dram. Lit., III., 315) gives the detailed list. Muralt, in a seldom-quoted passage of his 'Lettres sur les Français et les Anglais' (published in 1725), had observed this years before Voltaire's borrowings:

"Une chose où je les trouve encore moins excusables dans leurs Tragédies, c'est d'attaquer toujours les Auteurs Français qui ne leur font d'autre mal que de les surpasser. Le plus fameux d'entre leurs poètes tragiques d'aujourd'hui [viz., about 1695] traite Corneille à peu près comme Schadvel [Shadwell] traite Molière; c'est à dire qu'il le pille et fait des Préfaces pour en dire du mal."

Similar emphasis on one side of the contention may be noted in the almost casual mention of the Abbé Le Blanc (p. 307), who is blamed for "having devoted a long letter to a detailed account of the plot of 'Titus Andronicus,'" for the purpose of illustrating the English fondness for scenes of violence on the stage. But surely, if Le Blanc is mentioned at all, some hint should be given of his very unusual literary equipment and keenness of insight. His letters, published in 1745, are beyond all question written by a man who knew English well, and had read every production he undertook to discuss. The directness of his common sense never came out more clearly than in his bluff rejoinder to Guthrie's often vapory pamphlet: "Lorsqu'il dit que ce n'est pas Shakspere qui parle le langage de la Nature, mais que c'est plutôt la Nature qui parle le langage de Shakspere, je lui demande ce qu'il a voulu dire." In no other treatise of the time does the critic find, in general, so thoroughgoing a knowledge of both literatures, and so judicial a statement of the controverted points. The commentator may reply, in the terms of his preface, that his concern is with Voltaire and his English assailants; why, then, allow an uninstructed reader to carry away a false impression of one of the French combatants?

As to the interpretation of Voltaire's real motives in the conduct of his share of the controversy, it must be said that reading between the lines or behind the actual words of an author is always more or less hazardous. Voltaire's acrimony in his private correspondence does, it is true, bear witness to his fears for his own dramatic reputation before the growing vogue of the immeasurably greater Englishman; it gives a color of justice to Professor Lounsbury's concluding remarks concerning "the men who produce revolutions, shuddering at the words and acts of the men whom revolutions produce"; it may even bear out the suggestion that "the dislike and dread he felt for the great Elizabethan" was one of the secret springs of his persistent attacks. But there was a greater Voltaire than all this. His genuine enthusiasm for qualities essentially bound up with the spirit of literary classicism—"unité, clarté, régularité, choix, logique," as M. Jusserand says—both inspired and sustained his strife against what appeared to him the fantastic waywardness of too many of his contemporaries. He could conscientiously say, with Alceste,

"Le méchant goût du siècle en cela me fait peur."

Beyond and above this, his far-seeing shrewdness warned him of the danger to a strongly individualized national literature in the almost indiscriminate adoption of conceptions and methods devised, in an atmosphere wholly foreign, by men different in race, temperament, and ideals. It may strike some readers that more unmistakable stress on this side of Voltaire's literary character would have set on Professor Lounsbury's admirably scholarly treatise the mark of complete balance.

MORE FICTION.

On Fortune's Road. By Will Payne. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

John Malcolm. By Edward Fuller. Providence, R. I.: Snow & Farnham.

Paul Kelver. By Jerome K. Jerome. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Heart of the Doctor. Mabel G. Foster. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Sea Lady. By H. G. Wells. D. Appleton & Co.

The Right Princess. By Clara Louise Burnham. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Tom Tad. By William Henry Venable. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Out of the West. Elizabeth Higgins. Harper & Brothers.

Stillman Gott. By Edwin Day Sibley. Boston: John S. Brooks & Co.

The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Payne's business stories deal mainly with the Chicago market. There is always a financial crisis, a wheat deal, a run on a bank, or a strike. There is always a business-hardened old man, a more scrupulous young one, and a nice girl. The cleaner method of business emerges triumphant, and the old sinner usually has a moment of integrity, a sort of Alpine glow of virtue as the story sets. The nice girl is instrumental in keeping up the standard of honor, and so all ends well after one has been shown with an almost painful intimacy the dark and undesirable ways of the modern money market. The stories, in spite of having this sameness of plan, are quite sufficiently varied in detail and do not fail to hold the interest. The pictures of the Stock Exchange and of business crisis are really noteworthy, while the case of conscience that figures in each story redeems it from being mere short-hand reporting.

'John Malcolm' is written in the calm, monologuing, question-asking manner of Trollope—a manner restful, and in these days novel. We fear the general scampering public will not have time for its leisurely pages. Nor can we truthfully assure them that, persevering, they will find a Trollope-like story. If the skin is the skin of Esau, the voice is not altogether Jacob's. Nevertheless, it is not a bad story of the disputed-will class, duly touched with mystery; and though the characterization is exaggerated, it is not wholly without underlying idea. The young girl belongs to a nearly extinct type (Trollope-like again), gentle and severe, maidenly and bold. Lovers of Dora, Amelia, Laura Pendennis will approve of her. The scene is laid in New York, but when did Mr. Fuller find a candy and news-shop in Irving Place?

Mr. Jerome's venture into novel-land takes the form of autobiography. We accompany Paul Kelver from his childhood, wondering at small things, accepting great ones, as children do, through shy, inarticulate boyhood, through conscious youth, up to the day when, after many a long struggle and many a struggle against struggle, he finds his feet. So have other men of fiction whose names are household names told their stories. If Paul Kelver's does not stand beside theirs, it will be from no lack of quality, but from a certain exuberance of that part of his material that is least able to stand the test of exuberance. It is a temptation for Paul dwelling in Bohemia to set down more than enough of the horse-play of Bohemia; to crowd his real characters in, and to frolic somewhat too freely among his artificial ones and their artificial doings. Mr. Jerome's touch is light, however, and he has worked less harm to his novel by overproduction of anecdote than another pen might have done. We have found much to stir and prick and interest in his story; passages to laugh over, passages to think over, pictures to sigh over, situations to pierce one with the sense of their being old to knowledge and new to the printed page.

The soul of good in things evil is a pet topic with novelists. Mr. Jerome dwells often on the soul of evil in things good; without misanthropy, without exultation, rather with a tender inability to understand it, and a healthy refusal to consider it final. Pages there are, as intimated, that belong less to the novel than to the sketch, and pages that stand apart instead of knitting themselves into the scheme of things entire. But there are forms and forms of novel-writing. If 'Pendennis' were shorn of its episodes, it would be a very thin volume. Who could help rejoicing in the man who sang "Sally in Our Alley" "as if it were a problem ballad"? One may choose between laughing and crying (his mother cried) when little Paul, after days and days of looking and pondering, spends the rare half-crown that has been given him for his pleasuring, on a dozen squares of colored glass. The whole of the childhood story is refreshingly true to life, as free from mawkishness as childhood itself. There is a touch of pathos in the vain struggles of

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Paul and of "Goggles" against their manifest destiny to be funny, and we recall Mr. E. S. Martin's verse:

> "Sadly the humorist
> Muses on fate,
> Is it his doom, or is 't
> Something he ate?"

A talent for omission is not conspicuous either in 'The Heart of the Doctor,' which, though a small book and full of kind deeds, has as background a quite annoying amount of accidents and *materia medica*. "The Italian quarter" is described with sympathetic intimacy; so, too, the council of the Lady Managers of the Dispensary. The love affairs and the plot are the least spontaneous parts of the story, which is on the whole a readable and creditable one, although no more concerned with the heart of the doctor than with the lungs, diaphragm, brains and bones of the patients.

'The Sea Lady' is a fascinating excursion into the land of fantasy. Laughter, ponderings, and the shivers are the reader's portion. Mr. Wells shows that he can be as imaginative anent a mermaid as he has heretofore been with flying machines from Mars—and far more entertaining. Nor had we suspected him, from his previous stories, of so much humor, such deep yet airy satire, such interest in human nature, as he has seasoned his new novel withal, whether he be picturing a mermaid "with what bishops call a 'latter-day' novel in one hand and a sixteen-candle-power phosphorescent fish in the other," or whether he be describing the girl who "was always attempting to be the incarnation of Marcella."

Mr. Owen Wister calls 'Silas Lapham' an historical novel, "for it pictures an era and personifies a type." And on that principle 'The Right Princess' may be called an historical novel, for it pictures the era of Christian Science and personifies the type of the Scientist convert and expert. From this point of view it is so entirely historical that it is hardly possible to review it as a novel. It is purely and simply a Christian Science document, with a story that is forfeited if detached. Mrs. Burnham's chatty cheerfulness makes her stories acceptable to the rank and file of readers, and the Christian Science demonstration will no doubt recommend this latest book of hers to all who already hold that it alters the aspect of pain to call it error or a claim of difficulty, and who, as a remedy for a bruise, prefer the 91st Psalm to Pond's Extract. We quote and not from memory.

'Tom Tad' is not a novel, but may be historical, for it tells of schoolboy life of the most plebeian order in a plebeian community on the banks of the Ohio River. A fair description of the flood of '84 occupies one chapter. Otherwise, while the book is not open to censure on moral grounds, intellectually and literarily it is a misdemeanor, if not a crime.

Nor is 'Out of the West' blessed with form, but there is an appreciable amount of substance in its make-up. It tells the story of a young New Yorker who went to Nebraska, and there, persuaded by the public speeches of a young woman known as the Colorado Joan of Arc, became a Populist, and later a Congressman of the People's Party. The homesick aspects of Nebraska, and the war between the farmers and the railroads, are described by one obviously familiar with the place and conditions. Colorado Joan preaches and teaches of Populism ("The Cause," of course, she calls it) in such a glitteringly general way that the uninitiated could easily infer it to be the only road to moral and political salvation. This was the Congressman's view of the doctrine after his conversion; and his speech on high railroad rates caused tears to run down legislative cheeks, and made a woman in the gallery sob aloud, while "the Speaker had dropped the gavel for his handkerchief."

'Stillman Gott' is the portrait of a Maine farmer-fisherman of kindly heart and shrewd head, with the fatal gift for conscious monologue that farmers and fishermen have nowadays in books. The story in which his picture is framed is thin to attenuation.

Mr. Hopkinson Smith's novel makes one think of an old-fashioned mezzotint with its scenes of Southern society and primitive New York studio life. His old gentlemen are always especially charming, be they black or white. In all who read 'The Adventures of Oliver Horn' old memories will be stirred, alike in Virginia and in New York, of the days before and just after the war. There shall be heard in the land questions as to when the iron fence of Union Square came down, when the Washington statue went up; and whether at a nocturnal revel Poe really did recite the Lord's prayer with such solemn power that the guests were stunned and sobered. The differences between Northerner and Southerner in manner and point of view are touched on delicately without exaggeration. Delicate gentleness indeed is the characteristic of the book, which, as a story, is mild, but full of pleasant reminiscence.

In Argolis. By George Horton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1902.

Any one who has ever sojourned in Greece, or loved it from afar, will enjoy Mr. Horton's 'In Argolis,' and will read it more than once, in memory of skies and scenes and a people that must always haunt his imagination. And any gentle reader who knows nothing of Greece, but keeps his palate free from doses of red pepper, will find in these little pictures of a life that is far from strenuous something rare and genuine that approaches the qualities of a classic. He, too, will read this little book, if not for love of Greece, for love of literature and humanity. The chapter which tells how Kyr' Douzinas, by the blessing of St. Peter, bought a three-pound fish one morning and had it cooked after consultation with a council of village elders—the cobbler, the butcher, the grocer, the postmaster, and the priest—is an idyl that might have come from Sophron, and deserved a smile from Charles Lamb. The vegetative life of such a village might be a sedative for the most acute case of neurasthenia developed by subway explosions and the noise of elevated trains.

It is this kind of life in the little town of Poros, stranded about 2,000 years up the stream of time, which Mr. Horton describes with kindly humor and the sympathetic insight of a poet. He found there still lingering, and hospitably sheltered under the wing of the Greek Church, a whole brood of classic superstitions, belief in the evil eye, in Nereids, the three Fates, in vampires, and in a Charos slightly transformed from the ancient ferryman. These beings haunt the mind of the peasant with a constant obsession—they played their part in Mrs. Horton's simple ménage. "In America," she remarks, "when anything goes wrong with the children we call in the doctor." "You do very well," says Papa-Yanne, who has just bestowed his benediction on the household, "but you should call in the priest first. In nine cases out of ten the child has nothing but the evil eye, which a simple exorcism would cure immediately"; and Papa-Yanne really believed what he said, though he received a regular fee of five francs for his exorcism.

It is hard for us who live in the midst of the science of the common school to conceive of such survivals, and Mr. Horton's book makes an unofficial document for the study of the human mind more valuable than if it were compiled by a professor of psychology. We in America are doing our best, as Dr. Alexander in his preface reminds us, to preserve the poverty—if not the peace—of such villages by the tariff of 100 per cent. which we impose on their currants, and all this to support the feeble, tottering State of California, which already produces offensively large varieties of cherries and peaches.

L'Éducation des Jeunes Filles. Par Henri Marion, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris. Paris: Armand Colin.

M. Henri Marion, who occupied the chair of the Science of Education at the Sorbonne, died about six years ago. This book, which is a posthumous one, is composed of a course of nineteen lectures delivered by him before his faithful public in the last year of his life. It touches upon the various problems which relate to the education of girls, and discusses them thoroughly without overlooking any detail, however trivial it may seem; there are no trivial details for M. Marion. In the chapter on the moral education of girls, he devotes some paragraphs to the *tutoiement* between parents and children, and insists on the danger of children's balls. The chapter on physical education deals with alimentation and cleanliness, and examines the question of garments, shoes, and corsets. In another place he discusses the part that "suggestive therapeutics," or the use of a sort of hypnotic influence, might play in order to correct bad habits, such as cowardice, anger, laziness, and untruthfulness. All the important problems which such a subject raises are abundantly considered—the theoretical arguments in favor of the education of women, the superiority of public-school instruction over private instruction by tutors or parents, the advantages of co-education in primary classes, the utility of having female teachers in elementary classes and male teachers in advanced classes, the necessity of giving to every girl a thorough training in household economy, while at the same time developing her literary, artistic, and religious faculties, etc. The last chapters deal especially with the French educational system as established by the law of December 21, 1880, which created the "collèges" and "lycées" for girls in France.

A book like this will appeal by its very title to those who are interested in these problems of pedagogy, the most difficult of all. But only those who knew M. Marion

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and have listened to his lectures and felt the magnetic influence of his personality, will realize the benefit that is to be derived from this last work of his. The clear and elegant method that characterized the speaker are also typical of the writer. But, above all, the delicate and penetrating wit, the refreshing common sense and gentle kindness, which made of him the most inspiring of teachers and the most lovable of men, give to this book that supreme charm to be found only in books in which, as Pascal has it, "behind the author we can see the man."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, Brooks. The New Empire. Macmillan.
Alexander, John. The Conquest of the Air: The Romance of Aerial Navigation. A. Wessels Co.
Alcock, Deborah. Under Calvin's Spell: A Tale of the Heroic Times in Old Geneva. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.
Arrhenius, Svante. Text-Book of Electro-Chemistry. (Translated by John McCrae.) Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50.
Baker, Cornelia. Coquo and the King's Children. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Barbour, R. H. Behind the Line: A Story of College Life and Football. D. Appleton & Co. $1.20.
Barnes, James. With the Flag in the Channel; or, the Adventures of Capt. Gustavus Conyngham. (Young Heroes of Our Navy.) D. Appleton & Co. 80 cents.
Bates, Arlo. The Diary of a Saint. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Bedlow, Henry. War and Worship: A Poem. Truth Seeker Co. $1.25.
Biddle, Sarah. Some Letters of an American Woman concerning Love and Other Things. Philadelphia: Published by the Author.
Birdsall, Katharine N. Jacks of All Trades, and What They Did. D. Appleton & Co. $1.20.
Bottons, S. R. Galvanic Batteries. London: Whittaker & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Brady, C. T. Woven with the Ship: A Novel of 1865. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.
Briscoe, J. P. Tudor and Stuart Love Songs. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Bucke, M. R.; Harned, T. B.; Traubel, H. L., and Triggs, O. L. The Complete Writings of Walt Whitman. Vols. I.-V. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Burroughs, John. John James Audubon. (The Beacon Biographies.) Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Cap'n Titus: Sketches of New England Country Folk. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.
Crane, T. F. Les Héros de Roman: Dialogue de Nicolas Boileau-Despréaux. Boston: Ginn & Co. 75 cents.
Creighton, Mandell. Thoughts on Education: Speeches and Sermons. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.60.
Cutter, Benjamin. Harmonic Analysis. Boston: Oliver Ditson.
Dumas, Alexander. The Speronara. (Journeys with Dumas; translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley.) Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Gilbert, W. S. Patience; or, Bunthorne's Bride. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Giles, H. A. China and the Chinese. Columbia University Press (Macmillan).
Greene, Homer. Pickett's Gap. Macmillan. $1.25.
Griffis, W. E. A Maker of the New Orient: Samuel Robbins Brown. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25.
Hastings, Gilbert. Siena, Its Architecture and Art. Brentano.
Hinds, J. I. D. Chemistry by Observation, Experiment, and Induction: A Laboratory Manual for Students. John Wiley & Sons. 75 cents.
Hinds, J. I. D. Inorganic Chemistry, with the Elements of Physical and Theoretical Chemistry. John Wiley. $3.
Howe, M. A. The Design of Simple Roof-Trusses in Wood and Steel. John Wiley & Sons. $2.
Howells, W. D. Literature and Life; Studies. Harpers.
Huntington, Helen. The Solitary Path. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.
Hyde, W. D. Jesus' Way: An Appreciation of the Teaching in the Synoptic Gospels. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Iles, M. W. Lead Smelting. John Wiley & Sons. $2.50.
Johns Hopkins University; Celebration of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Founding of the University and Inauguration of Ira Remsen, LL.D. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Jordan, D. S. The Blood of the Nation; A Study of the Decay of Races through the Survival of the Unfit. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 40 cents.
Knowles, F. L. A Treasury of Humorous Poetry. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co. $1.20.
Levett-Yeats, S. The Lord Protector. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Lindsay, Lady. A Christmas Posy of Carols, Songs, and Other Pieces. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 3s. 6d.
Marchant, Bessie. The Secret of the Everglades: A Story of Adventure in Florida. London: Blackie & Son; New York: Scribners. $1.
Marion, H., and Des Garennes, P. J. Introduccion a la Lengua Castellana. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Meekins, L. R. Adam Rush: A Novel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.
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Parry, C. H. H. The Music of the Seventeenth Century. (The Oxford History of Music, vol. iii.) Henry Frowde. $5.
Peer, F. S. Cross-Country with Horse and Hound. Scribners. $3.
Philip, Arnold. The Electro-Plating and Electro-Refining of Metals. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son; New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. $4.50.
Popham, Florence. The Housewives of Edenrise. D. Appleton & Co.
Price, Clifton. M. Tulli Ciceronis Laelius sive de Amicitia. American Book Co. 75 cents.
Price, Lillian L., and Gilbert, C. B. Heroes of Myth. Silver, Burdett & Co. 50 cents.
Raine, W. M. A Daughter of Raasay: A Tale of the '45. F. A. Stokes Co.
Rathenau, Walther. Impressionen. Leipzig: C. Hirzel. 3 marks.
Reid, S. J. Memoirs of Sir Edward Blount, K.C.B., etc. Longmans, Green & Co. $4.
Retrospect and Prospect: Studies in International Relations, Naval and Political. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.60.
Risley, R. V. The Life of a Woman. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.
Rodkinson, M. L. The Babylonian Talmud. Vol. VII.-VIII. New Talmud Publishing Co.
Ronald, Mary. Luncheons: A Cook's Picture-Book—A Supplement to the Century Cook-Book. Century Co. $1.40.
Rosegger, Peter. The Earth and the Fulness Thereof: A Romance of Modern Styria. (Translated by Frances E. Skinner.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Sears, Lorenzo. American Literature in its Colonial and National Periods. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Selleck, W. C. The Spiritual Outlook: A Survey of the Religious Life of Our Time, as related to Progress. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.
Street, Lillian. Song and Story. London: David Nutt. 3s.
Sutherland's Christmas: A Chapter from Two Lives. Evanston (Ill.): William S. Lord. 50 cents.
Taggart, Marion A. Miss Lochinvar. D. Appleton & Co. $1.20.
Tarbell, H. S. and Martha. Essentials of English Composition. Boston: Ginn & Co. 60 cents.
Taylor, Mary I. Little Mistress Good Hope, and Other Fairy Tales. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Tennyson, Alfred, Idylls of the King. 2 vols. (Holiday edition.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.
Thackeray, William Makepeace. Our Annual Execution, Preceded by a Word on the Annuals. Philadelphia: H. W. Fisher & Co.
The Courtship of Ferb. Translated by A. H. Leahy. (The Irish Saga Library.) London: David Nutt. 2s.
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Wells, Carolyn. The Pete and Polly Stories. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
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